OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 10

JULY 8, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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If you do not think that hydro-electric development and the regulation of rates is a national problem, read this article by a member of the New York legislature.

A Kansas Savage Rears a Family
By Dr. Logan Clendening

The old country physician did not know much of the theory of "child guidance" or modern ideas about children, and yet—but read what he did.

A Gold Rush to Moscow
By Albert Parry

Hundreds of naturalized and American-born citizens have heard that Russia is the land of industrial promise. This is an article on the foolish plans conceived by some of these "gold rushers."

The Doctor and His Dollars
By Dr. Frederic Damrau

Are fees too high and should they be standardized? A physician answers the question.

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WITH OUR READERS

Prohibition in Kansas

To the Editor: *Topeka, Kansas*

SIR—Many drys are boasting that Kansas has become a kind of model for prohibition. They need to have some of the wind taken out of their boasting—hence this letter.

The fact that prohibition does work better in Kansas than in New Jersey, for example, means that more people support it in Kansas and a larger number of the people are teetotalers than in New Jersey. From this comes the doubtful prediction that prohibition will in time work as well in the wet states as it does in Kansas. People who make this prediction fail to see one important difference between many people in Kansas and many people in New Jersey. Kansas is inhabited by many people whose ancestors had the old New England conscience that even condemned dancing, card playing, and theatregoing. Kansas people today generally have a more liberal attitude toward dancing, card playing and theatregoing than many of their ancestors had, but the older condemnations have been largely changed into more condemnations of alcoholic beverages. On the other hand, many people in New Jersey are more inclined to put a larger share of the blame for abuses on the lack of self-control of some people and not so much on drinking itself; therefore, prohibition seems much less justifiable in New Jersey than it does in Kansas. Neither group understands the other—hence the mess that we have as a result of national prohibition.

Of course, prohibition has decreased drinking even in New Jersey; and the reason for this is a simple one. Almost any prohibitory law, when supported by many people, even when poorly enforced, decreases what it prohibits directly or indirectly because it affects the marginal class of people, that is, the people who fear or respect the prohibitory law more than they care for the liberty that is drastically interfered with; but this decrease does not in every case prove the wisdom of the prohibitory law.

The constant straining after more and more justifications for prohibition betrays the weakness of prohibition. People do not need to be told that the laws against robbery have economic advantages, for example, because the moral justifications are sufficient for practically everybody except a very small, depraved minority. A justification should be judged by its full implications. Many young people spend too much on movies; therefore, one can argue just as consistently that a prohibition of movies would have economic advantages; but most people would not justify this kind of prohibition; yet many of them seem to think it is all right to use this justification in the case of prohibition. It is very questionable to justify the use of the policeman's club because it will mean more money in my pocketbook and in the pocketbooks of others.

Granted that prohibition is a moral cause, it nevertheless is true that there are three ways to advance a moral cause: compulsion, education and public opinion. An example of considerable effectiveness of public opinion, where it is not backed with compulsion by the state, is that against adultery. A willingness to compromise over matters of compulsion does not necessarily mean the loss of a moral cause because the other two ways are still open. In fact, one essential of good statesmanship is a willingness to compromise in matters of compulsion if a compulsion causes other serious evils.

JOHN J. RUNDUS, JR.

Yale Honor Societies

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I notice in the OUTLOOK for June 24 the comment regarding Albie Booth and the fact that he had not been elected to an Honor Society in the College. I also noted, with interest, the reference to the fact that Albie Booth was a member of the so-called St. Elmo Society.

In order to keep you correctly informed and as I feel that I am qualified to correct your statement, Albie Booth is a member of an Honor Society in the Scientific School.

There are two Honor Societies in the Scientific School, the Aurelian Honor Society and the Torch Society. Albie Booth is a member of the former in addition to being a member of the St. Elmo Fraternity.

E. E. W.

[Editors' Note—Although George Trevor failed to mention the fact that Albie Booth is a member of the Aurelian Society in his reference to the Yale football captain in the OUTLOOK for June 24, he was not guilty of a misstatement. Mr. Trevor merely pointed out that, as a member of the Sheffield Scientific School, Mr. Booth was not eligible for membership in the Academic Senior Societies.]

A Wicked Advertisement

To the Editor: *Sharon, Mass.*

SIR—I have long been a reader of your magazine, my interest going back to the days when the sainted Lyman Abbott ran it as a magazine fit for a Christian household, and when a copy on the livingroom table denoted that home as one where the religious training and right thinking held sway.

I have not been a subscriber since you took the side of the forces of darkness and Hell on prohibition. Imagine my horror and disgust then when a dear old lady friend showed me a copy of your issue of May 20th, in which there is not only an advertisement for a product called Pix-Up which claims to be a remedy for alcoholic hangovers, but also a column of comment called "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks," which mentions this product in a most frivolous vein.

I do not understand how you dare print such a wicked and devilish advertisement, which in itself casts innuendoes on our sacred Constitution, and raises up doubts as to the enforceability of its amendments. Is it not illegal to do this? I have shown this advertisement to my pastor and he agrees with me that some law should be passed whereby such disrespect for the sacred cause can be made punishable.

MISS M. D. GALLIGAN.

O Tempora! O Mores!

To the Editor: *Springfield, Mass.*

SIR—Regarding the letter from Los Angeles in your issue of June 24th, signed Robert S. Person, wherein the writer comments on the Abbotts and more particularly on the moronic multitude who never knew the Abbotts, permit me to say that I happen to be one of the moronic multitude who read and admire the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT and that the only Abbott I ever knew I saw lynched for horse stealing in Montana several years ago.

Just before the moronic multitude gave him his medicine he told them he was from Los Angeles.

Possibly he may have been a relative of Mr. Person, and possibly, too, some reader of the OUTLOOK in Los Angeles might look our psalm-singing Brother Person up for us. If I had his telephone number I would give him a ring the next time I am in his delightful city.

GEORGE H. DILLWORTH.

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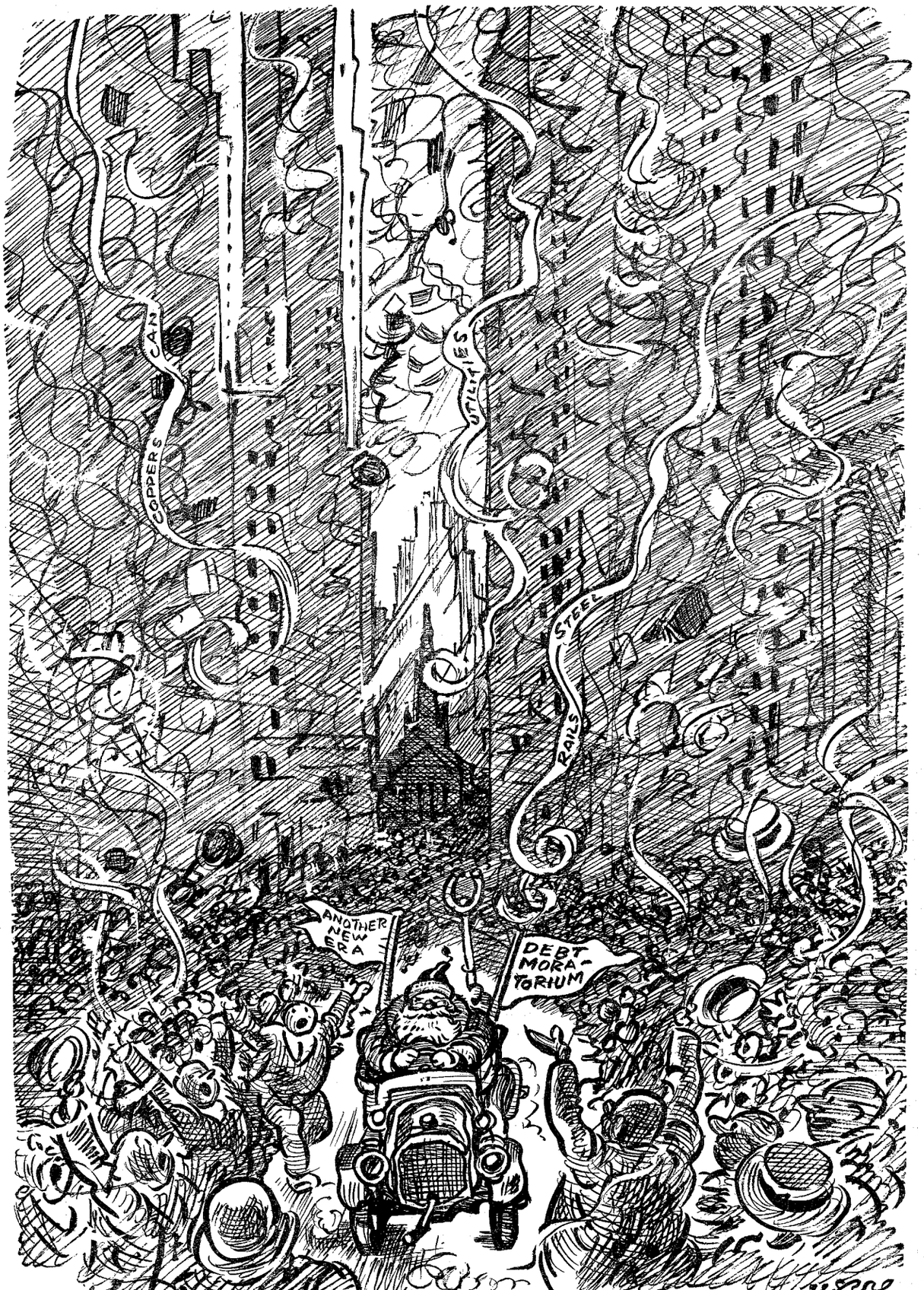

THE RETURN OF SANTA CLAUS

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 8, 1931

Trend of the Week

New Light on Light

UNTIL meagre cable-flashes from India have been augmented by eagerly awaited details, the western world of science will wonder just what it is that the physicist Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman has discovered about the fundamental nature of light. Judging largely by inference, it would seem that the brilliant East Indian has reinforced one of the surprises of the past few years—the indication that, after all, light is composed more of particles than waves. It was Sir Isaac Newton, often spoken of as the possessor of the profoundest human intellect, who conceived that light consisted of particles of some kind, but that hypothesis was rejected and for three centuries science firmly held that it was waves—waves in the ether of space. The past half dozen years have furnished evidence—too much of it to be voted down by those elder scientists who have preferred the wave theory because of its inherent beauty—that light really is some kind of particle after all, though it seems to combine with its particular nature some of the qualities of waves.

Fundamentally, science does not yet know what light is. Most of us learned that it was rapid vibrations in the ether. Today the ether itself seems to have lost most of its standing—Einstein, whose theory required no ether, killed that Cock Robin. Nor does science know just what matter is. In fact, scientists have upset so many of their own applecarts within the past five or ten years that the wise scientist, and therefore the wise layman, now claims to know little or nothing at all. When it comes to the basic nature of things, the scientist is still groping around in the dark.

British Blue Shirts

TO THE tune of the "Song of the Blue Shirts," England's Blue Shirt movement was launched as a gesture of protest against the dread Red flag. Hearing of the Black Shirts of Italy and the Brown Shirts of Germany, Britain's patriots apparently have concluded that the first move in waging war on Communism is to get colored shirts. We congratulate them on their selection. Blue brings out Anglo-Saxon eyes; it enhances ruddy English complexions. Moreover, it's smart. After quashing a Red, Mr. Locker-Lampson, founder of the Blue Shirt movement, may proceed straight to his club without fear of elevated eyebrows.

There are other advantages. Many anti-Communists do not own blue shirts; they must buy them. Therefore, blue shirts must be manufactured. Hence the market for cotton goods, thread, pearl buttons and blue dye will go boom. Spindles, long idle, will turn. Shirtmakers and shirt-purveyors will be busy again. Should the fashion spread to include blue socks, ties, hats and overcoats, Britain's unemployment problem may be solved. Even budding Communists may find fat jobs, and so Communism in Britain may die.

Does this sound foolish and fantastic? No more foolish than the notion that Communism, which has its roots in poverty, can be quieted by the singing of a theme song. No more fantastic than the idea that the unemployed will be diverted from their troubles by the sight of a handful of staunch Britons wearing blue shirts and shouting that, save for Communism, everything is going to be all right.

Reactions to Debt Plan

MR. HOOVER'S PROPOSAL of June 20 for a one-year holiday on international debt payments warrants enthusiasm, but it does not warrant hysteria. Yet a hysterical quality crept into many reactions to the plan in the week immediately following its publication, with Mayor Sahm of Berlin suggesting Mr. Hoover as the "world's choice for the Nobel Peace Prize," the stock market making huge recoveries and business men galore saying—and, this time, believing—that prosperity is just around the corner.

In the interest of sanity let it be said that Mr. Hoover's statesmanlike move is not so much a measure of cure as of prevention. It is intended to prevent the financial collapse of the German government, which would have serious international effects, for example, on those American investors who hold about a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of German government and municipal bonds. But as Professor Fairchild of Yale has pointed out, Germany's financial relief will mean America's financial sacrifice. The Hoover plan will keep some $240,000,000 out of our federal treasury in the next fiscal year, though this should be partly offset by increased tax receipts resulting from somewhat improved business.

Besides preventing disaster in Germany, the Hoover holiday should free

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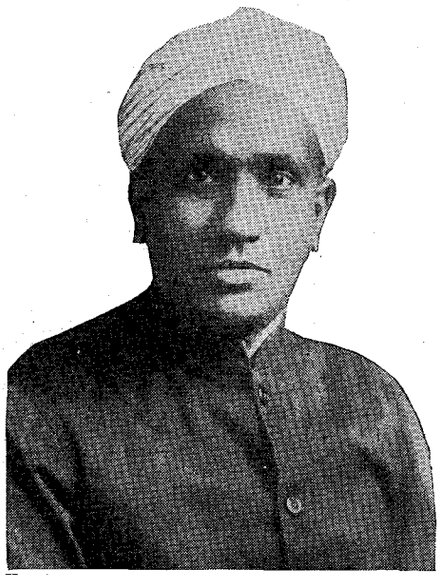
for foreign industry sums that normally would go to the treasuries of foreign governments in taxes, and so should



Keystone

PARTIAL TO PARTICLES
Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman who has been investigating the nature of light

stimulate our foreign trade. It should also help American business by substituting a widespread feeling of confidence for one of uncertainty. But this angle can easily be overemphasized. There was plenty of confidence in 1929, but that did not save us from the crash.

All this on the assumption that the Hoover plan will be adopted. At this writing the prospects were that Secretary Mellon, conferring hopefully with Premier Laval in Paris, would be able to persuade France, if not to accept the plan unconditionally, as Italy and Great Britain have done, at least to concede more than she did in her note of June 24. In that note, France politely declared that Germany would have to pay her non-postponable reparations, totalling 42 per cent of all, on the dot, though France was willing to loan it back to her for a year. Until our negotiations with France are over it might be well to remember Mr. Hoover's comment on the depression on June 15: "There is no sudden stroke of either governmental or private action which can dissolve these world difficulties."

▶▶*Political Reactions*

IN MAKING his debt proposal Mr. Hoover undoubtedly had two motives, both reasonable. One was to keep Germany from disaster, the other to keep himself from defeat at the polls. Now it is perfectly idle to denounce this second motive; that politician never lived who did not hope to profit politically by his achievements. If Mr. Hoover's plan goes through, while it will not offset his faults during the last two years, it will somewhat brighten his chances in 1932. Hence Republican orators and press-agents are going to make the most of it. Indeed, by the time they get through with it, Mayor Sahm's suggestion will seem like a very modest proposal. If business picks up, they will tell us that Mr. Hoover picked it up. If it doesn't, they will tell us that he would have picked it up, had it not been for the machinations of certain rapscallions, identity as yet undetermined.

All this is natural. More, it is inevitable. Democratic leaders are wasting their breath, then, when they object that the Hoover move is being capitalized by James L. West, publicity director of the Republican National Committee. Why shouldn't Republican press-agents take advantage of Mr. Hoover's success? Haven't Democratic press-agents taken advantage of his innumerable flounderings and failures? "A shame," said the Democratic Senator Fletcher of Mr. West's first outpouring. "Infamous," said the Democratic Senator King. But why is it either? Because Democratic leaders have coöperated with Mr. Hoover? What else could they do when the plan was so plainly a good one, bound to win hearty approval? Opposition in this case would have been a serious political blunder.

Suppose Senator Fletcher or Senator King had somehow forced this moratorium idea upon the administration and then upon the world? Would not Democratic press-agents be making political capital out of it as fast as they could? If you think that they would not be, you are innocent indeed.

▶▶*Mrs. Norris Removed*

IN ALL history there has never been a male judge who was harsh and unjust. The Christian name of that Jeffreys who held the Bloody Assizes was really not George but Georgette. At any rate, these conclusions might readily be drawn from some of the comment on the fate of Jean Hortense Norris, New York City's first woman magistrate and nationally known figure in many political and social movements.

Now the case brought against Mrs. Norris by Samuel Seabury, eminent investigator who has been weeding through the lower courts of New York City, was strong. Moreover, the action of the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court in ordering Mrs. Norris removed from the bench was entirely proper. For the justices unanimously found Mrs. Norris guilty of changing court records, to the prejudice of a defendant, so as to eliminate evidence of her own unfairness; of buying stock in a bonding company operating in her court; of violating the constitutional rights of defendants and of exploiting her judicial position in the advertising of a commercial product.

But how is it possible to conclude from her dismissal, as some are doing, that women are incapable of holding judicial office or other public office satisfactorily? Certainly men judges have often been as severe and arbitrary with male defendants as was Mrs. Norris with women defendants. Yet no one charges that the bench is no place for

International

CONFEREES IN PARIS
Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Premier Laval of France

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a man. Truth is, this business of using a single case to indict the competence of an entire sex is badly out of date.

Keystone

EX-MAGISTRATE
Mrs. Jean Norris, recently removed from her position as judge

Women have not purified politics or public office, as some soft idealists expected them to do. Nor, so far, has any woman officeholder rendered especially brilliant service. But the fact remains that hundreds of women are now occupying official positions in this country, and that in the main they are occupying them with unquestionable competence and integrity.

▶▶*That High Dry Paper*

IT IS PLEASANT to see that a dry daily newspaper will be launched in New York City, with Stanley High as its moving spirit. It is always pleasant to see men, anxious to improve their minds, launch themselves on a course of education. The backers of this paper are launched on a very interesting course indeed.

First, perhaps, they are going to learn that running a newspaper costs like blazes, even if one has a $10,000,000 fund to play with. For, frankly, there is little commercial demand in New York City for the dry, liberal, unproved, crusading newspaper they contemplate. Alas, there was little commercial demand even for the wet, liberal, oft-proved, crusading newspaper known as the New York *World*. We wish the new newspapermen all the luck in the world, but they'll have to be better than the *World* to turn the trick, and that is asking a great deal. Nor is there any editorial justification for a dry newspaper in New York. That city is soaking, sopping wet; no man in his right mind denies it. Starting a dry newspaper in New York is like starting a wet newspaper in Emporia, Kansas.

Still, the new newspapermen are going to learn something, something that may be worth all it costs. They are going to learn that, whatever fanatical drys say to the contrary, few reputable wet papers distort their news columns to give the wet side more than it deserves and the dry side less. Prohibition is dealt with on the basis of its news value—a tangible thing to those in the business, though a mere phrase to many outside it. And, so, if, as Mr. High says, the new paper is not to be a mere propaganda sheet but a genuine newspaper, sooner or later it will find itself treating prohibition news exactly as wet newspapers treat it. Moreover, when its editors come into regular daily contact with that news, when they get a close-up, "inside" view of prohibition, it is conceivable that something will happen not only to their paper but to themselves. The rule is that the more one sees of prohibition the less one can see it. It would not be strange to see this newspaper and its owners, starting to crusade for prohibition, end by crusading against it.

▶▶*Pruning the Cinema*

THE RECENT REPORT of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches throws welcome light into a murky corner of Will H. Hays' Hollywood. The report protests that representatives of religious and social organizations, who sit in supposedly disinterested judgment over moving picture morals, not infrequently have their critical faculties treated with gold—salaries, honoraria, generous expense accounts. Thus may purifiers become promoters.

The report shrewdly brings out the fact that the motion picture industry is more concerned with whitewashing its products than with improving its standards. It recommends that more time be spent on producing pictures of value and less on cultivating influential persons and organizations to smooth the path of pictures of scant value. It declares that the present situation "calls attention sharply to the lack of any adequate means of formulating and expressing the judgment of our Protestant churches so as to register effectively either approval or disapproval of the industry, its product and its policies."

In this last statement, surely the report errs. Members of Protestant churches and of all other churches have one infallible means of registering approval or disapproval—they may go to, or stay away from, the pictures. This is the most effective method of criticism in existence. It is the only criticism, moreover, that interests Hollywood.

A report of this sort is important for the reason that it demonstrates again the worthlessness of intermediary, unofficial censorship. The public is adequately protected against obscenity in the movies, as against obscenity in books and the theatre, by state laws and local police regulations. Nothing more is necessary. Though Hollywood itself may crave it to protect its investments and sanctify its products, there is no need for unofficial pruning by censors operating without the authorization of law. The idea that these people may dictate what the rest of us shall see, hear or read is extremely irritating.

▶▶*Hoover Beer Rumor*

THERE is no reason whatever to believe that Mr. Hoover is about to advocate the sale of wine and beer. There is every reason to believe that he will do nothing of the sort. Nevertheless, the rumor that, despite everything he has said and done to the contrary, he is really a wet and will soon demand modification of

MORAL-PRESERVER
Will H. Hays, celebrated Czar of Hollywood

the Volstead act is apparently deathless. It has bobbed up every now and then since Mr. Hoover was nominated

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for President in 1928. For the past few weeks the rumor has been bobbing up so high in so many parts of the country that on June 26 the White House felt called upon to deny it.

Of the many reasons for believing that Mr. Hoover will stay bone-dry two deserve special attention. The first is that his precious Wickersham commission, after a lengthy investigation, reported that it opposed "the proposal to modify the national prohibition act so as to permit manufacture and sale of light wines or beer." To advocate modification, therefore, Mr. Hoover would have to repudiate the conclusions of the fact-finding body appointed by himself. This he might conceivably do, since he has already repudiated the proposal, which it timidly advanced but did not dare to champion, for the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. But be it remembered that when he flagrantly misrepresented the Wickersham report in submitting it to Congress five months ago, he did so to make it seem, not wetter than it was, but drier.

The second, and stronger, reason for believing that Mr. Hoover will stay dry is the attitude of the Methodist Prohibition Board and other militant dry organizations. Last November the Board bluntly announced that the drys would bolt and form a new political party if President Hoover or the Republican party, which they now dominate, became either wet or moist. This would almost inevitably mean Mr. Hoover's defeat on election day. Possibly he could be renominated after coming out for beer and wine. But he could not be reëlected. And Mr. Hoover wants to be reëlected very badly.

▸▸*Post-Gatty Flight*

THE NEATEST flight of the year was that of Post and Gatty, whose determination to circumnavigate the world in ten days gave their whole adventure an interest not possessed by the transatlantic part of it. Round-the-world trips which promise to break records are invariably interesting, since they make us aware of the rate at which our globe is shrinking and make us wonder whether foreign travel will seem so desirable to man when the most distant countries are just around the corner.

As the map on this page indicates, the route of Post and Gatty ran from New York, to Newfoundland, to England, to Germany, to Russia, to Siberia, to Alaska, to Canada and back to New York again. The astonishing speed and accuracy with which they had reached their objectives—they were approaching Cleveland at the time of this writing—may have been due not only to the piloting of Post but to the expert navigating of Gatty, who is far from being a mere passenger.

Interest in this race against time is but slightly cooled by the knowledge that the circumference of the earth is 24,902 miles at the equator and that the route taken by Post and Gatty is but 15,000 or 16,000 miles long. It may not be a flight around the middle of the world, but it is a flight around the world none the less and makes a strong appeal to the imagination. Inevitably comparisons will be drawn between the schedule of these two aviators and the eighty days which Jules Verne allowed his fictitious Phineas Fogg or the seventy-two days consumed on the journey of Nellie Bly in 1889. When Post and Gatty took off at New York, they were out to beat the record of twenty-one days set by the Graf Zeppelin in 1929, a record which, it may surprise you to know, was only two days faster than that set by Mears and Collyer in 1928.

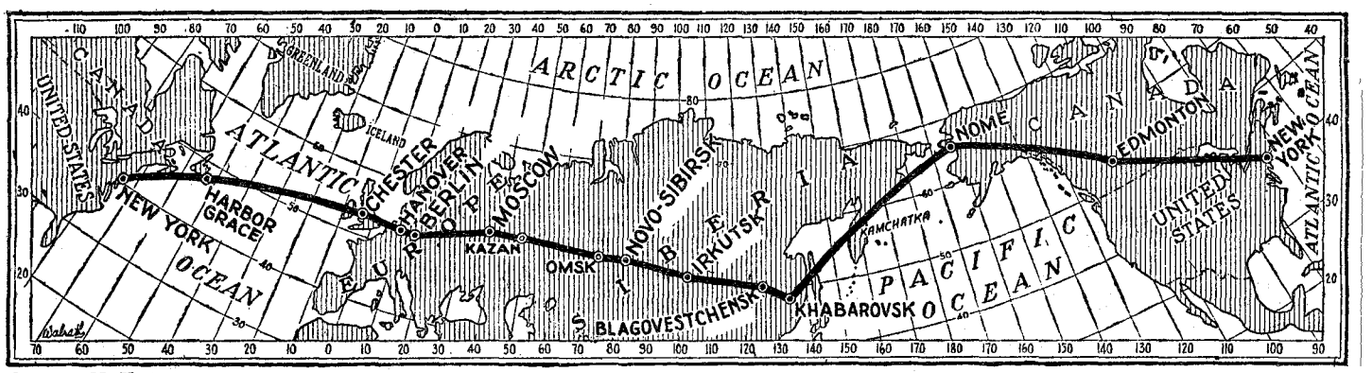
▸▸*Gangster Funerals*

IF YOU WANT an expensive funeral, perhaps you'd better not be a gangster, after all. For gangster funerals, according to the New York *Times*, are not what they're cracked up to be. "It always gives me a laugh when I read the accounts of those funerals," this newspaper quotes the vice-president of a New York funeral establishment as saying, "because I know the caskets seldom cost more than $200 to $400." The cost of the whole funeral, exclusive of the floral tributes, he adds, is apt to be less than $1,000.

The large floral displays gangsters send to their friends are expensive, but not, it appears, so very expensive at that. The huge harps, lyres, gates ajar and so on run from $100 to $200. They would be more, of course, if they were made of rare flowers, but usually they're not. The boys realize that big, bright flowers, not rare ones, are what show up.

One of the leading manufacturers in the country told the *Times* reporter that his highest priced casket was a cast bronze model costing $12,000, but that a gangster wouldn't want it because it isn't flashy. He wants one with a silver tone that is sprayed on like paint, or a silver-plated one, and these run from $400 to $3,000. The $10,000 solid silver coffins you read about are apt to be imaginary, for, in the first place, a coffin of that kind cannot be bought for that price, and, in the second place, it is not kept in stock and must be made to order over a period of weeks. Occasionally coffin cases of real silver are used, and make a considerable impression, but are slipped off before the burial, sometimes without the knowl- of the dead gangster's family and friends.

The more the gangster's life is ex-



Courtesy N. Y. Times

ROUND-THE-WORLD ROUTE
Wiley Post and Harold Gatty left New York at 4:56 A. M. on June 23

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amined, the more it loses its glamour. Graduating from small jobs into the "smart money," he has, indeed, his second of swagger. But he lives dangerously, he holds his position but briefly and, it now appears, he goes out of life ingloriously in the midst of an overadvertised or downright phoney funeral.

▶▶*There is a Santa Claus*

SOMEHOW Wall Street's wild response to the Hoover moratorium reminds us of the New York *Sun's* famous "There-is-a-Santa-Claus" editorial answer to eight-year-old Virginia O'Hanlon. Mr. Hoover made the preliminary announcement of his move on June 19, and it was printed in the newspapers of the following morning. On June 19 the stock markets were down in the dumps. A week later—but let a few typical quotations tell the story for themselves.

Closing Bid Prices,	June 19	June 27
U. S. Steel	86¾	104¼
Am. Can	99¼	113⅝
Anaconda Copper	20⅝	31⅞
Gen. Motors	33⅜	39¼
Col. Graphophone	7⅛	10¾
Gen. Elec.	38⅛	46
Am. Tel. & Tel.	164⅝	184¼
Radio Corporation	14⅛	21¼
Stand. Oil of N. J.	35	41¼
Baltimore & Ohio	52	67
Am. & Foreign Power	24⅝	38⅛
Texas Corp.	19⅞	24⅛
Goldman Sachs	5⅛	6⅞
Cities Service	10½	13⅛

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus . . . . Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence . . . . The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

▶▶*Valedictory*

GOOD riddance to bad rubbish. That, in a few words, was our feeling when the Wickersham commission went out of official existence on the last day of June. Doubtless it was your feeling also. If so, it was justified by the record.

With George W. Wickersham as chairman, the commission was appointed by President Hoover twenty-five months ago to investigate law enforcement in general and prohibition in particular. Here, then, was a shining chance for the eleven commissioners to render their country a patriotic service of the first order and at the same time to write their names large in American history. With adequate funds and facilities, with expert advice and ready access to the facts, with few of them actively engaged in politics or dependent on public sentiment for their positions, they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by studying the prohibition question exhaustively and submitting recommendations designed to extricate their country from the appalling morass of Volsteadism.

But what happened? The commissioners performed the fact-finding part of their work excellently, and, reporting their discoveries, built up an absolutely damning case against national prohibition as it now functions. But when it came to the important part, when it came to their recommendations, they pussyfooted and played politics like the most craven congressman in Washington. Though a majority of the commissioners were wet—seven of the eleven favored immediate repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment—the commission submitted dry recommendations out of deference to President Hoover, who wishes to run as a dry in 1932. Once the public became aware of this, it lost all interest in the Wickersham commission. Hence, its reports on less controversial subjects have tended to go unappreciated. Had the commissioners' prohibition report been courageous and honest, it would have been an historical document. As matters stand, its influence is negligible. Never in our time has a body of men been offered a grander opportunity to help themselves while helping the country. And never in our time has a body of men muffed their opportunity more wretchedly.

▶▶*The Summer's First*

FOR the past two weeks the transatlantic trips and tries of aviators have been just so many lifesavers to the newspapers. With nothing much happening and nothing much likely to happen, the papers have played up the plans and performances of transocean

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 320

You can get rich and die rich, anywhere on the round earth, if you know how.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

A. M. Lister, 811 15th St., Boulder, Colo., $5 prize.

Our tariff has nothing to do with the world's troubles.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

E. Bodet, 2804 Brazos, Houston, Texas, $2 prize.

Only a relatively rich nation can stage a panic or even a depression in the money markets.—CORRA HARRIS.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

In the regime's private meetings, we discuss ardently; but at a certain moment I say, "The case has been heard," and the discussion ceases. I then decide and everybody obeys.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

Miss Dorothy Gadberry, 437 Ninth St., Richmond, Calif., $2 prize.

I consider war as we know it today to be a darn fool thing. There is no sentiment to it when you mow people down scientifically.—DANIEL CARTER BEARD.

Julius Cohen, 1427 Madison Ave., New York, $2 prize.

It will not be denied that in certain sections of our country there is a strong sentiment against prohibition.—JAMES I. FINNEY.

M. W. Brabham, 921 Barton Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn., $2 prize.

I have demonstrated that an official can visit France and come back without drinking.—MAYOR JOHN C. PORTER.

Mrs. Adam Lutz, Burley, Idaho, $2 prize.

I am going to write the story of my life, everything that's happened since I was three years old. I am going to dedicate it to the "Great American Public."—CLARA BOW.

Mrs. Lillian F. King, 812 Lindenwood, Topeka, Kansas, $2 prize.

Love satisfies a woman. But money never does.—DOROTHY DIX.

Jacob Dress, 75 Douglas Avenue, Providence, R. I., $2 prize.

When I am flat and low in mind, I always think I'll just end it all by getting married.—TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

Jacob Dress, 75 Douglas Avenue, Providence, R. I., $2 prize.

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fliers far more than they would do if other news were high in quality and quantity.

For transatlantic flights are now an oft-told tale. Beginning with the hop of Alcock and Brown in 1919, no fewer than seven airplanes, carrying sixteen passengers, have made non-stop flights across the Atlantic from east to west. Beginning with the Koehl-Huenefeld-Fitzmaurice hop of 1928, three planes, carrying nine passengers, have made non-stop flights from west to east. The effect of these successful flights, and of the many others that failed, has been to convince most observers that, in the present stage of the airplane's development, transatlantic flying is quite impracticable. With caution, skill and, above all, luck, pilots may get across, but those who do have no wish to try it again.

The three latest transatlantic projects leave us just where we were; nothing has happened to change the conviction that commercial or military flights across the ocean are not feasible. Six months of preparation went into the first flight, that of the skilled woman pilot, Ruth Nichols, which started at New York with Paris as the destination and ended in a crash at St. John, New Brunswick. The second flight was that of Post and Gatty. Leaving North America at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, they made their first landing in Europe at Chester, England, after encountering the customary "terrible" North Atlantic weather. But there is much significance in Post's statement: "There is one thing I don't want to do right away again, and that is to fly the Atlantic." The third flight, that of Hoiriis and Hillig, which escaped being a tragedy, did not escape being a comedy. Bound by way of Ireland to Copenhagen, they flew seventeen hours without seeing water, much of the time with an empty gasoline drum stuck in the rudder, and eventually found themselves over Spain, of all places. "I presume it must have been Spain," says Hillig, "and for many long hours we flew around over Spain and France, possibly England." Eventually they landed at Crefeld in Germany, then at Bremen, and then, next day, at Copenhagen at last. That is the summer's transatlantic flying record to date. It isn't anything to get excited about.

Keystone

THE WANDERERS
Otto Hillig and Holger Hoiriis who flew from Harbor Grace to Copenhagen

▶▶*Passed by the A. M. A.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Teddy Roosevelt waved his Big Stick over the canneries, the "muckraking" magazines set up chemical laboratories, and, with cheers for the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Congress passed the Food and Drugs Act. Since then, manufacturers of food products have on the whole found it profitable as well as prudent to tread the straight and narrow path of purity. So profitable that many of them are now willing to walk a tight-rope.

Soon advertisements of certain food products will appear bearing both the words "passed by the committee of foods of the American Medical Association" and the Association's seal. Not many, at first. Out of the five hundred foods submitted by manufacturers to the committee, only seventy-five were approved. Of the others, some were rejected tentatively on the ground that the foods were adulterated or not wholesome or were advertised in a misleading manner. Several nationally known products, wholesome in themselves, will have to be renamed before they can sport the magic seal. Others will have to tone down their claims for vitamin content. Many will have to change their labels. Some will have to bring up their standards. Will these changes be made? Right speedily, it appears. And why? Because that line forming on the right will be the public, eager to buy the products the American Medical Association has approved.

The prestige and integrity of the Association are well known. Its committee on foods, created a year ago to pass on the merits of foods for which special claims of health-giving properties were made, soon decided that, in fairness, all manufacturers of wholesome and correctly advertised food products should have the benefit of its endorsement. The Association accepts no fees from manufacturers and promises that its rules shall be exacting and its investigations frequent.

Yet one grows a bit skeptical of seals and endorsements. It is frequently pointed out that the government's Food and Drugs Act stamp does not always mean all it should. In an OUTLOOK article of some months ago, Wainwright Evans indicated that legislators interested in the happiness of corn growers, cotton seed oil manufacturers and others may make it mean still less. Will the Association's standards occasionally slip in this manner? Perhaps not; we merely ask the question and put it away for future reference. Meanwhile the Association is to be congratulated for rendering a public service and the food manufacturers for recognizing that it is the confident customer who buys again.

▶▶*Effects of Gang Movies*

NATURALLY, those who believe that gang movies are harmful are making the most of the recent tragedy in Montclair, New Jersey. Nevertheless, their argument that such films should be prohibited is still unconvincing.

The reported facts are these: Returning from a gang movie, Harold Gamble, sixteen, and George Gillespie, fourteen, met their chum, Winslow Elliott, twelve, at Winslow's playhouse which—note this, you who are prohibitionists for the sake of youth—had been furnished to represent a speakeasy. There Harold produced a pistol which he had obtained from a mail-order house—though why mail-order houses should be permitted to sell pistols to children Heaven only knows—and, while describing "how they do it in the movies," shot Winslow in the head and killed him.

Thereupon many citizens of Montclair and neighboring towns, letting

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emotion override intelligence, demanded that the showing of gang films be forbidden. But does it follow that because gang films harmfully influence a boy they should not be shown at all, even to adults? Is an impressionable boy of sixteen to become the standard for what adults may see in the theatre? We adopt no such standard in the case of books, newspapers, pictures or word-of-mouth stories. Why single out the movies?

As a matter of fact, the evil influences of motion pictures, even on youth, can very easily be exaggerated. Attempted rape has been a movie standby for more years than we care to remember and no other subject has a greater fascination for youth than sex. Yet how many rape cases can be blamed on the films? The fact seems to be that few people are appreciably harmed by movies and that the exceptions probably would be harmed by something else if the cinema were abolished. Even young Gamble explains his interest in guns, not by referring to the movies, but by saying: "I had a friend who was a gun expert. I guess through him I became enthused about shooting." Are we, then, to prohibit gun experts?

On Judging Marriage

TWO RECENT items in the news cast anything but a rose light upon the present-day condition of marriage in this country and our pitiful efforts to achieve a greater degree of happiness within the bonds of matrimony. Speaking before the American Medical Association in Philadelphia, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson made public the results of his study of the married life of a thousand American women. "These thousand women," Dr. Dickinson said, "were what might be called the cultural American type. They are urban, of good family background and education, married to professional men of moderate income, each with one or two children. They were considered socially normal in the ordinary relationship of work and life." Fifty per cent of these women, Dr. Dickinson stated, were found to have an unhappy family life due primarily to sexual conditions in their unions. Dr. Dickinson found that complaints about relatives-in-law, money, work, management of the children and a home—in other words the Dorothy Dix difficulties of marriage—were usually secondary. The primary cause appeared to be related to the intimate sex relations of married life due to taboos and fears implanted by religious and educational training or lack of training in childhood and adolescence. In brief, plain ignorance of sex or the mistaken attitude toward sex assumed by most of our educators, religious and otherwise, is responsible for half the unhappiness in American marriage. These are the two major factors back of a large proportion of our divorces—a conclusion which bears out previous studies by other psychiatrists.

That the increasing number of such divorces is creating a greater and greater problem for our churches, as well as society everywhere, is made evident by the second item: the report of the joint committee on divorce appointed to report to the next general convention of the Episcopal Church in Denver this fall. The majority report of this body recommends that the re-marriage of divorced persons be permitted within the Episcopal Church and proposes the organization of ecclesiastical marital courts to pass upon the eligibility of such divorcees to remarry. Says the text of the proposal: "Any person whose former marriage has been dissolved for any cause by a civil court may after the expiration of one year from the granting of the divorce apply to the ecclesiastical marital court of his domicile for permission to marry another person. The court shall thereupon look into the characters and personalities of the parties to the previous and the proposed marriage and determine whether the spiritual welfare of the parties thereto and of society will be served by the proposed marriage. If the court permits the proposed marriage a minister of the Church may solemnize the marriage; provided that it shall be within the discretion of any minister to decline to solemnize any marriage."

Bearing in mind that this is the point of view of the liberals in the Episcopal Church—and a proposal that is hotly contested by conservatives in that organization—one does not know whether to laugh or weep over the character of the proposal. Considered as an effort to welcome back into the fold the increasing number of hitherto good Episcopalians who are being cast into outer darkness, it is more than understandable. The Episcopal Church draws its membership largely from those cultured people who because of their social position and financial resources are contributing a larger and larger quota to the divorce total of the country. Simply as a church organization move it is therefore comprehensible. Considered in a larger sense, nevertheless, this is the stratum of society whose marriages have been analyzed in Dr. Dickinson's report. And how does the Episcopal Church propose to treat the deeper problem so posed? Why, the church proposes still only to pass moral judgments after the mischief is done. It proposes to do so, it is true, from a slightly more liberal standpoint than formerly, but still it proposes to judge—instead of examining its own religious teaching toward sex and making the alterations necessary to eliminate the basic stupidity from its present educational attitude.

Turning its back on this, in fact, on any such idea, it still proposes, even the best men in it propose, to make new hard and fast laws out of Christ's words instead of taking the spirit of Christ himself in all humility, re-applying it to the physical marriage relation in the light of our new knowledge, and so building a new conception of "Christian ideals in marriage." Without the spirit, said Christ, the flesh is dead. But with the spirit, surely it can be beautified and enhanced and made the rock upon which happy marriage can be built to endure. Otherwise all the new knowledge of which we are becoming possessed will remain for many millions of Americans a mere collection of intellectual facts which the basic emotional conception of sex as taught by the Church will render useless.

It must always be remembered, of course, that the churches seek to uphold the pure ideal of marriage. They leave those who do not agree with them to seek civil marriage. It must also be remembered that the laws of any group do not necessarily represent the opinion of all within it. The attitude of the churches toward sex is gradually altering as the struggles over birth control and divorce indicate. Yet, the day still seems sadly far away when our religious bodies, beginning in the theological seminaries, will face the basic facts of the marriage relationship and take an enlightened attitude of responsibility for their share of the conditions which they now seek only to judge and bemoan after the fact. Obviously one has only

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to look around him to see that the need of the hour, from the standpoint of society, is not more carefully considered moral judgment. To understand our fellowman is more necessary at the moment than to pass judgment on him. In an ideal state who should be better fitted for this than the clergymen?

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DESPITE President Hoover's several and violent denunciations of certain newspaper correspondents who have discussed his moratorium program against the background of the 1932 presidential campaign, it is the most persistent and potential fact of present-day politics. Although, I happen to know, he acted belatedly, and with some misgivings (he was our most extreme nationalist when he served as a member of the Debt Refunding Commission), nobody except his own partisans has shown a disposition to attribute political motives to him. Pat Harrison, the most virulent partisan on Capitol Hill, has given his blessing to the political truce as it affects the debt holiday, and so, with the strange exception of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, have almost all the outstanding members of the opposition party. Such possible Democratic nominees as Owen D. Young, Newton D. Baker and Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland have indorsed the move for a breathing spell, regardless of the effect its success may have on their own personal and political fortunes.

Therefore, it seems a pity that the President's overzealous friends and Cabinet members should be the first and only ones to take a step which, by plunging the problem into controversial politics, may wreck it. Several high officials of the Treasury and State Departments, I understand, are so gleeful over the preliminary reaction that they are, quite openly, predicting that "Hoover will ride home on this." It is an open secret that at the White House and Republican National Committee headquarters they are counting upon the capture of Al Capone and the possible lifting of the depression through the debt move to rehabilitate Mr. Hoover for the re-election campaign. I find many cynics and critics who share this view, but I question the wisdom and statesmanship, especially at the present moment, of trying to make political capital out of it. Congress must yet be heard from, and if, by December, the moratorium has failed to become a howling success, or if the Republicans have made it a partisan issue, the Democrats and Progressive irreconcilables may act up as they did during the drought relief armistice.

I, for one, was surprised to hear James F. West, press agent for the Republican National Committee, take to the air with a political panegyric in

Sykes in the N. Y. Evening Post

"But what do I get out of it?"

which the debt proposal was hailed as a personal and partisan achievement. Inasmuch as most of these speeches are said to be approved by the White House, or by those in high command, it begins to look as if somebody was more interested in recovery of the Republican party than in the rehabilitation of the world's interrelated system of economics. Even Theodore Joslin, the President's secretary, I hear, took a hand at ballyhooing, and, whether he was conscious of it or not, he led the press men to look with some suspicion on the presidential insistence that his intervention was economic rather than political.

These diplomatic blunders, of course, may be due to the ineptness which Mr. Hoover's enthusiastic and well-intentioned admirers always exhibit in cases of this kind, rather than to any definite policy. Indeed, few things have irritated the President, I am told, more than several newspaper articles which expressed the opinion that by saving Germany he might also save himself. As when the press treated his western trip as a political tour, he insisted that such an interpretation of his moratorium maneuvers was an insult to the American people. Except for the fact that Mr. Hoover does not seem to have imposed the same censorship on Messrs. West and Joslin, it is quite easy to sympathize, if not entirely agree, with him.

Mr. Joslin, by the way, is fast becoming the most unpopular figure with the press that there is at the Capital. He got off to an excellent start, as I wrote at the time, but, as many of us also feared, he has let the importance of his job spoil him. He is taking it and himself too seriously, and, like most men who must work with Mr. Hoover, he is becoming one of those yes-sir fellows. He is too solemn, ponderous, irritable and unsympathetic. He has, I imagine, absorbed some of Mr. Hoover's ill-concealed contempt for the writing fellows, and they know it. Relations between the secretary and the newspapermen regularly stationed at the White House have become unbearable, and, unless they improve, there will soon be an explosion that will not help the administration. In fact, a few of Mr. Joslin's personal friends among the more elderly members of the corps have sought to give him good advice, but we doubt if "Ted" will be seen to profit by it.

He has, of course, an impossible task. To satisfy Mr. Hoover, who begrudges every bit of news he must give to the press except for personal puffs, and to keep the impatient writers happy, require qualities which few men possess. Half a dozen newspaper and magazine men, who might have succeeded where Mr. Joslin seems headed for failure, declined even to make the effort. One reason was that they know how difficult it is to get along with Mr. Hoover—and with the press. Mr. Joslin, however, rushed in where several of his peers feared to tread, and now the irreverent reporters, when they wish to suggest that a person is not quite making the grade, say that he "is just Joslin around."

A. F. C.

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▶▶ The Prowler in Your Home ◀◀

By JACK CALLAHAN

I RATE the prowler or house burglar as the most desperate criminal in the underworld. He is incomparably more desperate than the daylight bandit, the bank burglar or the gangster. He kills at the drop of a hat! Frequently he kills without provocation. He is seldom apprehended because most of his killings are executed in the dark. If he does not leave a telltale fingerprint behind it's a hundred to one that he'll never be caught.

One-fourth of the fifteen hundred law-abiding citizens killed in crimes in this country every year are the victims of prowlers. I, an ex-prowler, herewith declare that every one of those men and women who have perished at the hands of prowlers would be alive today if they had not acted the fool when they discovered the prowler in their homes. If you value your life and the lives of your relatives read carefully what I have to say regarding my old associates and be guided accordingly.

First, let me classify prowlers. There are two types, the dinner-hour fellow who operates while you're dining and the midnight man who operates while you sleep. The dinner-hour burglar is not as desperate as the midnight operator, has not as many notches on his gun, but he will kill you if you corner him. Now to the story:

I visualize a home wherein the dinner-hour prowler is working. John Brown and his family are dining. The prowler has entered the house through a second-story rear window. The family hears him. Immediately Mr. Brown proceeds to the second floor to investigate. The prowler hears him coming and hides in a closet. He doesn't want to meet Mr. Brown and if Mr. Brown had any sense he wouldn't be looking for the prowler. If Mr. Brown does not discover him in the closet the burglar will rob the house and leave when Brown quits the room. But if Mr. Brown finds the prowler and tries to arrest him the crook will either kill him or render him *hors de combat* with the butt of his gun.

Now, if I had been in Mr. Brown's boots I never would have gone upstairs looking for the thief. When I heard the noise I would have done one of two things. I would have gone quietly to the telephone and called the police or I would have sent some member of the family out to find a policeman. Or, if I wanted to scare the crook away, I would have shouted in the telephone at the top of my voice:

"Get me the police, quick, operator, there's a burglar in my home."

Be assured that Mr. Prowler would have been on his startled way when he heard this message. Remember that the burglar comes to your home to rob, not to kill. He will depart as stealthily as he came if you do not try to corner him. Discretion is the better part of valor. Don't try to make yourself a hero in the eyes of the Madam. The Madam and your friends would much rather utter a chuckle and say, "There he goes," than shed a tear and say, "Doesn't poor Frank look natural?" If you want to be a hero don't go looking for burglars. It's a shell game!

The dinner-hour burglar is an angel compared to the midnight fancy thinker. Most midnight prowlers are drug addicts. Woe betide the man or woman who crosses the trail of these human rattlesnakes who come crawling into your homes in the dead of night!

He has but two ways of entering your home—"jimmying" a window or turning the key in your door with a tool called "the nippers." On only one kind of lock can he use "the nippers"—a lock which opens with a T-shaped key. If you tip the key, let it hang down, after locking the door, he can't open the door with his "nippers." Neither will "nippers" open a cylindrical lock. But he can "beat" the cylindrical lock with the aid of his "jimmy." He inserts the "jimmy" between the door and the sill, forcing back the plunger. Put a bolt on the inside of your door and he will not be able to get in. He can't "beat" the bolt. He hates bolts. You can prevent him from "jimmying" your windows, too, if you place a stout stick diagonally on your windows. Let the stick rest on the upper right hand corner of the bottom window and the upper left hand corner of the top window. Thus, the lower window cannot be elevated and the upper one cannot be lowered.

Prowlers never try to "jimmy" doors. It makes too much noise, and all prowlers detest noise. They're very sensitive fellows. Never be afraid of a prowler entering your bedroom through a window. He's afraid you'll see him coming and kill him. He'll never put himself on the spot.

These simple precautionary measures —bolts on the door, sticks on the windows and the tipped key—will render your home burglar proof, if there are no unlocked trap doors on the roof or unlocked windows in the cellar.

Before I tell you what to do when you discover the midnight prowler in your home let me tell you what he does and thinks after he gets into your home. As a prowler, first I remove my shoes, tie the laces together and put them around my neck. My great ambition, you see, is to prowl your home and get away without arousing you. With my gun in one hand and the electric flash in the other I crawl along on my hands and knees or tiptoe from one room to the other. If you wake up while I'm in your bedroom I will lie still. I will not harm you unless you try to corner me. I will creep out of your room at the first opportunity. If you're a sensible person you will not try to corner me.

If I'm in another part of the house and I hear you move I immediately stop in my tracks. My first thought is: Have you heard me? If I think you have I leave the house at once. But if you come after me and try to block my egress I resort to the gun. Why pursue me in a dark room? Or in a lighted room? In either case I have you at a disadvantage. I have the drop on you. I can see you coming while you do not know where I am hiding. Why jeopardize your life? Why not let me go on my burglarious way? What's a few jewels compared to your life?

Now, let's assume that the Madam is alone in the house with several children when I enter the home. Let's assume that they have heard me downstairs, ransacking things or breaking into the house. What should a real sensible Madam do? Give me your ears for a second, all you nervous, highstrung ladies, and remember what I tell you. When you hear me or one of my brothers in your home just raise your window and scream. Make the children scream. Scream together at the top of your voices. Trill like a coloratura. Hit the high C register:

"Help! Police! Help! Police! Burglars! Burglars! Burglars!"

Be assured, dear ladies, that the burglar is going over back fences when

(Continued on Page 307)

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The Great Conciliator

A Portrait of Owen D. Young — The First

By ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

Underwood

Placidity is his virtue

"I AM not in politics and any one who prevents me from receiving the nomination for President will be doing me a favor."

Like Caesar, Owen D. Young, Great White Foster-Father of the American people, thus waves aside the laurel some of us would lay upon his brow. Not merely "not a candidate"—as so many other candidates have been since the founding of the Republic—he is one whom we would *favor* by sparing him that office which we have come to consider the most important in the world.

At this distance, a year before the national conventions, it seems that the indulgence Mr. Young begs of us may be granted. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York is now well in front in the race for leadership of the Democratic Party. Alfred E. Smith, silent though he may be, still casts a threatening shadow. Baker of Ohio, Ritchie of Maryland, perhaps one or two others, are not yet ready to be counted in or out; but if the convention were jammed by Roosevelt's failure to win the two-thirds vote, if the cry still rang for a leader to guide us out of our depression, the Democracy might conceivably turn to the man who presides over the General Electric when he is not straightening out the world's finances, advising the United States Senate to amend the constitution, or telling the nation how to end war in a speech to be printed in full in tomorrow's New York *Times*.

He is a farm boy from upstate New York—that strong-soiled breeding ground for so many of America's industrial and financial leaders—and came of pre-Revolutionary forebears who were always supporters of the liberal parties, "just as they were communicants," he says, "of the most liberal branch of the Protestant Church." Born in the little hamlet of Van Hornesville in 1876, he has never really deserted the home acres. There is scarcely a fortnight in which he does not find time to journey 200 miles from Manhattan to the place where his boyhood passed in days of hard struggle.

"I had enough exercise in my youth," he reminisces, "to last me for a lifetime." And again: "Mondays were rightly blue, with the milk coming to the house from the barn, the skimming to be done, the pans and buckets to be washed, the churn waiting attention, the washboiler on the stove, the kitchen full of steam and one pale, tired, discouraged woman in the midst of all this confusion."

So he dreams of easing the farmer's lot by electrification, by substituting the power of the dynamo for the labor of weary backs. His mother, the "pale, tired, discouraged woman," lived on in Van Hornesville until her recent death, and at 92 operated the switch to regulate the street lighting system which her son presented to the village. To her, since his youth, he has been repaying an old debt.

One day, forty years and more ago, Owen went with his father to the county seat at Cooperstown to hear the lawyers argue. So impressed was the boy with their life of ease that he determined to become a lawyer himself. Because he was too young at fifteen to try for a Cornell scholarship, his mother mortgaged the farm and sent him off to nearby St. Lawrence College, where he met his future wife, Josephine Sheldon Edmonds of Southbridge, Mass., and played his first rôle of conciliator when eighteen revolting classmates elected him to represent them in a dispute with the authorities.

International

His foes say he is "slick"

After her graduation, Miss Edmonds went to Radcliffe, the woman's branch of Harvard, and Owen wished to join her, at Harvard Law School. Finding his way blocked by an empty pocketbook, he entered Boston University instead, worked his way, did a three-year course in two and was graduated *cum laude*. Grinding away still at two jobs, he entered the Boston law office of Charles L. Tyler while earning a few additional dollars as a lecturer at the law school. Jeremiah Smith, Jr., the economist, who knew him then, said that Young worked so hard in those days that he didn't smile for a year. It was only after seven years of lecturing and eleven of practice that Tyler saw fit to make him his first partner. Meanwhile, he had married and was rearing a family.

The firm of Tyler and Young began finding clients among the growing utility interests. In an action with the General Electric Company, Young won the eye of the late Charles C. Coffin, who offered him the job of vice-president and general counsel at $50,000 a year. Young took half of that because that's all he thought he was worth. Coffin died and he became president. Then came the Radio Corporation, founded at President Wilson's request to prevent General Electric's famous Alexanderson alternator from falling into the hands of British interests seeking world mastery of communications. (The purists dispute details here in an attack on Mr. Young's oft-chanted altruism, but the Radio Corporation, a thoroughly American concern, stands there as concrete evidence.)

He had his first taste of international negotiations in straightening out a radio dispute in South America among American and European interests, and then the world met him when General Dawes revealed that Owen D. Young and not Charles G. Dawes was the true author of the Dawes Plan. Since that day, as industrialist, banker, economic statesman, governmental adviser, preacher, but never politician, his name has gone from one side of the globe to the other. No pearl drops from his lips uncaught. An interviewer has even tempted him into disclosing his secret of success, which came "because I have not tried to outstrip my associates, but stuck as close to them as I could, to see through their eyes and make their problems my own."

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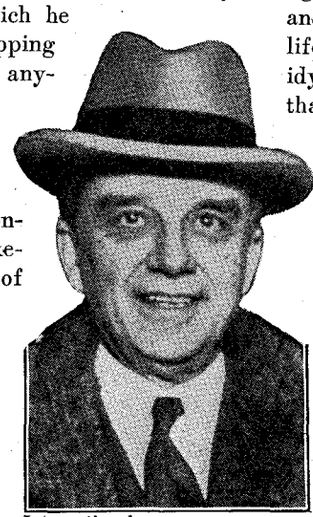
Lank, dreamy, gentle-spoken, Owen Young reminds some enthusiasts of Lincoln. Others, more hard-bitten, reject his eloquence, his almost irresistible persuasiveness, to suggest that he may be "slicker" than he looks. The impatient thinkers of the Left, infuriated by the skill with which he eludes their rushes by slipping off ground sure to be lost anyway, shake their horns toward where they think he is and snort, *"Pseudo* liberal!"



International
A smile when asked about presidential apirations

To deny that there is considerable idealism in his make-up, or that he is possessed of a lofty and powerful creative imagination, would be absurd. His work on behalf of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins, which purposes to attack war with the methods of science, is well known. Under his co-administration with Gerard Swope, the General Electric Company has won the designation of a model corporation, with its unemployment insurance, its employee stock plans and its all-round enlightened treatment of 100,000 workers.

Incidentally, it is precisely this long-headed liberalism, or "pseudo-liberalism," on the part of certain great industrialists like Mr. Young which keeps radical ranks so thin in this country even at a time like the present. Daily the exasperated revolutionary awakes to find parts of his program already being adopted by the capitalistic villains; aching for a skull-cracking fight, he can strike only glancing blows.

And so, ready to spear Mr. Young as an agent of the Power Trust, the gentlemen toward the Left find him in support, perhaps even author of, ex-Governor Smith's water-power program which provided for state development and private transmission and distribution under state contract. He goes before the Senate seeking a communications monopoly; they prepare to assault and discover that he wants the government to do the job if it cannot be done by private interests. He advises the New York legislature to study unemployment insurance, advocates bonus legislation for needy soldiers, a "radical and unprecedented step" to aid the farmers, stronger federal control of banks even if it requires a constitutional amendment, and they are for him. Spinning round, they find his Radio Corporation under the fire of the Department of Justice for alleged violation of the anti-trust laws; but we are told that this is merely a test case, designed to clear up certain difficulties over patents.

Owen Young's mind roams far and wide, always springing into the future. Five years ago, when Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon seemed sure that life in the United States was idyllic, he was reminding us that unemployment was a blot on the capitalistic system, that although the world does not owe men a living, business owes them the opportunity to make one. Scarcely had he left the Reparations Conference room before he was launched into a discussion of the responsibilities of capitalism.

"After all," he said then, "capitalism is only a vehicle by which civilization has gotten this far along the road. It is not an end in itself. It has served mankind well and necessarily we must be from Missouri until something better has been demonstrated. I know that wealth produced is not yet fairly distributed among the producers, although we have made great progress toward that end in America. The defects of capitalism are a challenge."

Another time, on another subject, he goes further toward the horizon: "The present set-up of world politics is centuries old and may pass more quickly than it came."

And finally, addressing a gathering of scientists, he stretches to his very prophetic tiptoes: "What blessings may not the electron and the cosmic rays some day confer on a perishing race when their incredible hidden energy is tapped and brought under control!"

Moved to irony by the lyric quality of some of his utterances, the hard-heads occasionally interrupt with coarse laughter. Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, whose tongue can match acid with that of the Hon. George Higgins Moses himself, testified before a Senate committee not long ago on the Young proposal to merge all our radio and telegraph systems in order to meet foreign competition.

"You know," he drawled, in the outspoken manner generally reserved for statesmen alone, "it's the fashion with us, when a man returns from service abroad, to ask his opinion on all sorts of subjects, from finance to the kind and amount of milk it is best to feed the babies. In the matter of Mr. Young's views on international communications, with all respect, of course, I put them in the class with any advice he might feel moved to give to nursing mothers."

Regarding Mr. Young's earlier endeavor to merge Radio and Western Union, he reminisced as follows: "It was a great plan, and at no time and in no way has the genius of Owen D. Young found more eloquent expression than in the framing of the terms he wanted us to agree to. The only trouble was, we were awake. He saw more legs on that horse than I could count."

Perhaps Owen Young is, at times, a rather wordy and self-impressed preacher. Perhaps he is occasionally "slicker" than he looks, but his record of accomplishment is hard to laugh away. It is not only the feature writers who laud him; he has been praised by some of the ablest observers as the foremost private citizen of the world. "Owen the First," they dubbed him in Germany when he went there in 1924 as temporary Agent General for Reparations.

Still, if we prevent him from being nominated for the presidency of the United States we will do him a favor!

Seven long years have the Democrats of New York labored in vain to lure him with the bait of public office. His name has been advanced for leader of the Herkimer County Democracy, for police commissioner and mayor of New York City, for United States Senator, for Governor, for chairman of the Democratic National Committee. On each occasion he has slipped the

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International
His friends call him Lincolnesque

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Discouraged Feminists

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

A FEW months before her death Dr. Anna Howard Shaw said to me that she did not envy women their after-suffrage endeavors.

"You younger women will have a harder task than ours," she said. "You will want equality in business and it will be even harder to get than the vote, for you will have to fight for it as individuals and that will not get you far. Women will not unite, since they will be competitors with each other. As soon as a woman has it for herself she will have entered the man's world and cease to fight as a woman for other women."

The other day a young woman said to me: "It isn't fair. John"—she mentioned a young man—"can start right away in his profession as a geologist with a good salary. I am just as smart as he. I have just as good an education, but every one tells me that I can only get a toe-hold in my profession by learning stenography and taking a position in the business as a secretary to some manager. Jim"—she mentioned another contemporary—"enters a staff position but I can only get into the same office by becoming a stenographer. If I am lucky I may get as good a position as his after five years' apprenticeship."

And I remembered Dr. Shaw's statement. Since she made it, women have entered the business world in large numbers but men still dominate this world. With rare exceptions, which stand out because they are exceptions, the women in it are still underlings. The positions that decide policies of any importance are still held by men. Women work only as assistants or secretaries. In the business world today most women play the part of servants, not equals.

We have only to note the membership of a Business and Professional Women's Club in the same town to realize this fact. The men who belong to the Chamber of Commerce are bankers, presidents of factories, owners and managers of stores, lawyers and doctors with offices of their own, and local executives for companies of national scope doing business in the town. They have annual incomes ranging from $5000 to $50,000. The women who join the Business and Professional Women's Club are, most of them, stenographers, clerks, teachers, with here or there a doctor or a lawyer, and an occasional owner of a small shop. Their incomes range from $720 a year to a very occasional $5000.

In Dr. Shaw's day women talked about this being a man-made world. They said that suffrage would help women to get into it and make it a partnership world in which men and women would coöperate in determining the way it would be organized. Some of them, and this was perhaps their first mistake, said that it has always been a man-made world. But that is not the way I read my history. In Harold Lamb's book, *The Crusaders,* he tells how women of the fifteenth century accompanied the armies even to the Holy Land; that some few led troops themselves, while the work at home was almost entirely carried on by women. The peasant women tilled the fields. The ladies of the manor administered their great estates.

"In the business world today most women play the part of servants, not equals"

As a matter of fact, in the feudal age women were not the quiescent creatures we sometimes think them, living entirely off men. While men fought and had to fight each other for mastery or self-defense, the women had to feed, clothe and house themselves, the children and even the men. Not only did they do the work, but they were in control of what they did. They decided what should be done and how it should be done. The house itself, sociologists have told us, was the invention, if it may be called that, of women. Methods of cooking, manners of furnishing, textiles and fashions were of women's designing. Customs they developed. Manners they evolved. While her husband was abroad to the wars the great lady ruled over a wide domain, and, since he was usually at the wars, she was master much of the time. She had hundreds of women working under her, spinning, weaving, embroidering, sewing, and also, be it noted, often hundreds of men ploughing, harvesting, forging and animal tending.

Surely it is not too much to say that women were partners in building the world of that day, nor was it built solely for men. Men dominated the political world, but women got the protection they needed in a day when might could take what it would. More, they got freedom to develop a civilized life inside their castles. If it is true that women instinctively think in terms of the race and men crave adventure, the world they built ever so slowly was the kind that women wanted rather than men.

Even the wife of the craftsman was a co-partner in his business, for she fed his apprentices, clothed and housed them. It must be remembered that in those days the providing of food and clothing meant the management of food and clothing factories. The kind of food men ate, the kind of clothes they wore, the way the workers were treated, therefore, was determined by these women managers. Thus their decisions and their work had a direct effect on customs, manners, and methods of manufacturing. So women were partners with men in building the world.

Suddenly, however, this partnership was dissolved on the wife. First, the clothing part of her job was taken from her by machines. Gradually food processes left the home. She kept on doing what was left her to do, not realizing that all these industries that were lightening her labors were being managed by men, and at last she woke up to find that instead of being a partner

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"Women of the fifteenth century led troops themselves"

in making the world she was either a beneficiary or a mere cog in a great industrial organization. Man-controlled industry had determined what kind of clothes were manufactured, what kind of food was provided, how workers should be housed, and solved the labor questions. She should right then have gone after her work, mastered the mechanics of the age and taken part in its development, but the social taboos which had been the result of the old partnership held her back. Forgotten by that time were the feudal days when women shared the work of the world. Only the customs that had been built out of that partnership remained.

Feminism, in this country at least, expressed the desire of women once more to have a part in making the world. They were not asking for something they had never had before, but endeavoring to get back what they had lost. Queerly enough, in an age where politics counted less than before, they concentrated first on the effort to get political equality.

Of course the women who had worked for other women had followed their jobs into industry, exchanging a job under a woman in a home for a job under a man in a factory. But what these feminists wanted was not merely a chance to work for some man but a chance to rise to positions of authority so they could again be effective in determining the conditions under which they lived. What these women hoped for was a world in which men and women would work in competition with each other and the best individual win. The sex line was to be dropped and the world become the composite work of individuals of both sexes.

But it did not work out that way. The best man continued to win, and women, even the best, worked for and under him. Women were welcome to come in as workers but not as co-makers of the world. For all their numbers they seldom rose to positions of responsibility or power. The few who did fitted into the system as they found it. All standards, all methods, all values continued to be set by men, even those as regards food and clothes, once distinctly women's business.

It is plainly seen that women as individuals, forgetting their sex, have made little impress on this world. As individuals they have won little power. It continues to all effects and purposes a man's world. One can point to no great accomplishment and say: "That was a woman's work." Some one may retort: "But the same thing was true of the old partnership. You could not then point to any one great accomplishment of a woman." Perhaps not. But you could point to a part of the world's work and say: "That is women's accomplishment. That is what they contribute as women to the world. They are responsible for this and that institution."

They made their contribution as women. In that way women had a part in making that world. In today's world they have none. There is nothing that is done, except bearing children, that men cannot do and do not manage. There is no institution that bears the imprint of women. Is this, then, the end of the feminists' effort to find a place in this man's world? Not if I know women. When women cannot get what they want in one way they go after it in another. The habits of the mole are strong in them. However blind they may be, they are indefatigable and their patience is unlimited. But what other way, it may be asked, is there? Before we try to find the answer to that, let us remind ourselves of something that many of us seem to have forgotten in our struggle to compete with men.

Equality does not necessarily mean identity with men. It does not mean that women need do the same things as men in the same way as men. It means that what women do shall have the same quality, worth, power, effect, as what men do. Two men enter into an equal partnership. Each brings something to the business—one may contribute an idea, the other capital. The work is divided between them. In such a partnership equality is obtained by means of coöperation instead of through competition—by division of work instead of by identity of occupation.

Does this not offer a suggestion to women as to the way they may yet achieve a place in this man's world? Might it not be possible for women to take over some part of the world's business as their own and thus substitute coöperation between the sexes for competition? Practically the control by women of only one industry necessary to the world would force the man's world to reckon with them and thus bring about this coöperation. They should, obviously, choose industries in which the work from top to bottom could be done by women so that women would not have to compete in them with men but with each other and thus have an equal chance to rise in them.

But what kind of industries, it may be asked, could women thus take over? The business of providing food in cafeterias, tea rooms and restaurants is already to some extent in the hands of women. The wonder is that it is not more so, considering the long centuries that women have dealt with food. It is one of the few businesses in which women as individuals have become leaders, taking their places as economically equal to the men engaged in the same business. Mrs. Alice Foote McDougall operates restaurants in New York and a large coffee and tea importing business. All

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"There is nothing that is done, except bearing children, that men cannot do and do not manage"

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War Clouds in South Europe

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

FRANCE and Italy had been at odds for so long that their agreement over the size and strength of their respective fleets came as a more hopeful piece of news than was perhaps warranted by facts. A large-size loan for Italy, and probably concessions by England on their common African boundary are not out of the field of possibility. Likewise, France is expected to grant favors to her Mediterranean poor cousin—I mean real favors. A naval holiday in tonnage or guns, parity—proportional scales are futile. In ten years' time navies as we know them today will be museum relics.

Nevertheless, there is a breathing spell. A notable change has come in the chancelleries of Europe, and the men who predicted war a few weeks ago now incline to the belief that the troubles between the two nations will be settled peaceably. Some fairly reasonable observers even predict a liberalizing of Italy within the next six months. But these two Latin countries are still increasing their armaments, building strategic lines, piling up reserves of ammunition, training hundreds of airmen, carrying on propaganda in neutral lands and strengthening their alliances. A frontier incident in Europe, a careless act in Tunis, may yet precipitate the conflict. Naval accords are not peace treaties. The policy advocated by some writers to ignore the danger to the peace of the world is one that is fraught with serious danger. To prevent war, it is best to be forewarned and well informed concerning the causes of the long-standing rivalry.

A recent report from Paris gave the French a gold reserve of almost two billion dollars. With the accumulation of metal in other French banks, in the colonies and in the vaults of the satellites of the Quai d'Orsay—Poles, Czechs and Serbs—the full amount is likely to approach three billions. That is a formidable weapon, one that usually indicates deep-plotted, aggressive views or a reasonable fear of attack by some dangerous enemy. Who is that enemy? Germany? Italy? Both? Somehow the only one ever mentioned by the average Frenchman is Italy. France is at present rejoicing because Italy gave way on the naval problem but still blames the Mussolini régime for the feeling of unrest due in reality to a hurried peace treaty which left too many problems unsolved. Mussolini is a brake, not a firebrand, all his speeches to Italians notwithstanding.

I ended a stay of five years in Italy with a visit to every important city, including the principal towns of Sicily and Sardinia. A Frenchman by birth and a devoted lover of Italian civilization, an American by choice, it was my intention to find out the facts. Everywhere I heard similar expressions of a desire for revenge against France, for a bad peace dictated by selfish allies. A prominent friend of Mussolini told me that his people wanted only one more war, a war with the hated *"Francese."* Mussolini alone, aided perhaps by Signor Contarini, has kept effervescent Italians from creating warlike incidents on several occasions. I have heard many stupid statements about Mussolini, but none more stupid than that he wants war. He is perhaps the only leader in Italy who clearly knows what a war would bring to Italy. He is an animator, an executive, but he has long ago ceased to be a gambler.

Now, Italians and French, especially southern French, are so much alike in language, appearance, culture, religion, and general philosophy, that most of the Americans who know France and Italy, or think they do, refuse to consider the possibility of war between them. The new treaty strengthens their position. They are afraid that the United States may be drawn into the fray. There is little cause to fear that. The danger is deeper. It involves the possibility of losing the benefit of the French Revolution, the example of the last country left in the world where the intellect of man has complete freedom. It involves the possibility of a general utilitarian communism which would make of the western world an ant heap and a very material one.

AMERICANS are wrong in considering a war in southern Europe unthinkable. Far from unthinkable! It remains even now so close at hand that only a miracle of patience and forbearance on the part of the Latin leaders on both sides can avert it in the next twelve months.

The main sore points in the present relations between Italy and France are Tunis, Ethiopia, Nice, the right of asylum to political refugees jealously guarded by France, the freedom of press and stage in Paris, and the alliance between France and Yugoslavia which more than balances the raising of Albania to kingdom status and its subordination to Rome. There are also the fiery speeches of Mussolini and the queer doings of his rather obvious Foreign Minister, Dino Grandi, who has probably done Fascism more harm than good since he took it to his heart. The public and international services of both countries are honeycombed by secret agents. Italy especially has hundreds of them in Paris. Finally, we have the no less clearly expressed attitude of both French and Italian writers. These writers pine for a scrap in which they will, as usual, take no active share. They express the national longing for a "showdown."

In Tunis, the French have a privileged position. They hold the upper hand absolutely. The Bey is as much their tool as the King of Albania is Mussolini's puppet. But Tunis is a rich country, while Albania is at present little more than a road or series of parallel roads to Yugoslavia. Labor in Tunis, however, is largely Italian. In Algeria, Tunis and Morocco the French give all civic rights to those Italians who accept French citizenship. The Fascist government objects to any Italian seeking a foreign citizenship, especially French citizenship in northern Africa. The Italian press says Italians do all the work there; therefore they should own Tunis and Algeria. Frenchmen claim that the Italian laborers are only good to be laborers, that any one of them who has intelligence naturally wants to become French, that Tunis belongs to the Tunisians anyhow—and there you are.

In Ethiopia, after a stunning defeat at the hands of the only black kingdom ever to make a white one pay an indemnity, the Italians have come to a "sitting pretty" attitude. They have really worked wonders with the sandy stretches of Tripoli, Erithrea and Cirenaica. But the French hold the only railway into Abyssinia and the port that feeds it. They hold here again most of the trumps. Abyssinia is an extremely rich and sparsely populated land, with a unique record of freedom since before history began to be recorded. It has lately joined the League of Nations not because it was interested in it, but out of sheer necessity.

Italy had made a secret treaty with England preparatory to defining "spheres of economic influence." England pledged herself to help Italy secure a railroad concession to connect her Erithrea in the north with her Somaliland in the south. That railway would have cut off the whole agricultural eastern part of Ethiopia, thus making it ready for penetration. Like the Russian railroad in Manchuria, it would

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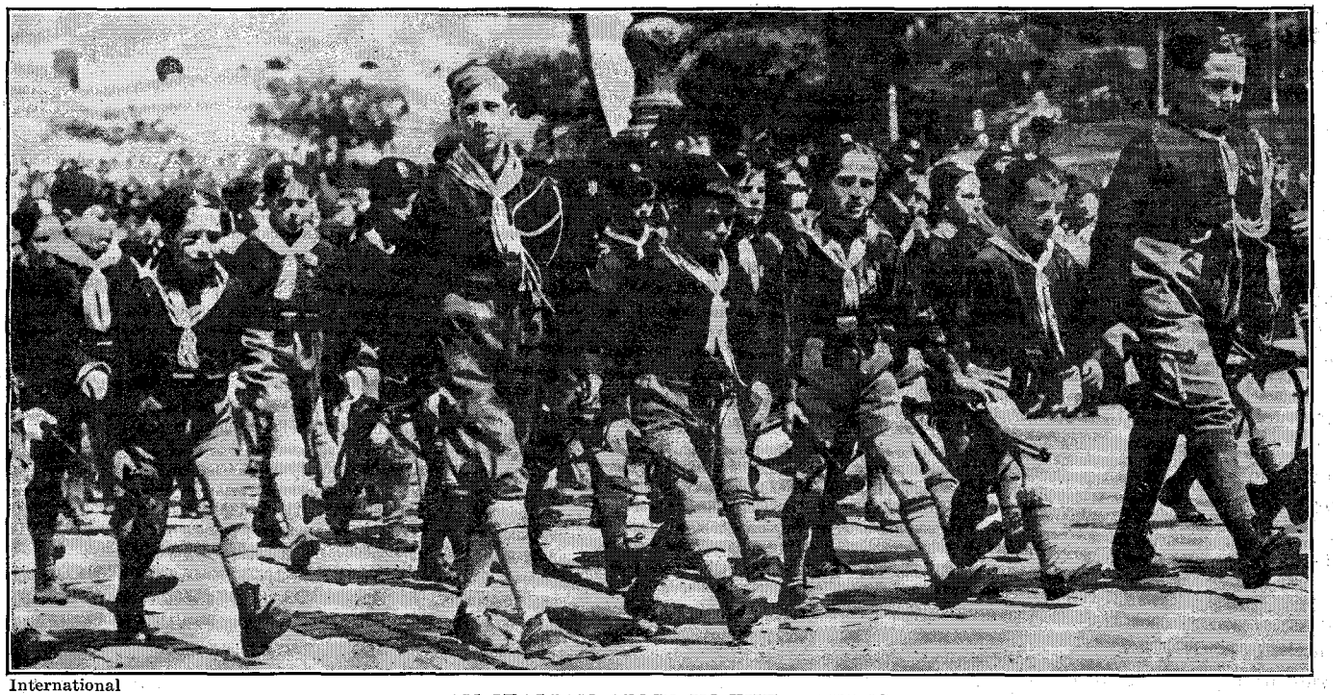

International

AN ITALIAN ARMY IN THE MAKING

Youthful Fascists, with their small rifles, marching to a rally of the National Militia

require military guards throughout Ethiopian territory. The Emperor of Ethiopia appealed to the League. If another railroad is to be built in his country, which is being hugged to breathlessness by its three neighbors, let it be a corridor to the sea like that of Dantzig—an Ethiopian corridor. The French agree with him, while seeing to it that the corridor to the sea is thoroughly studied under all its possible aspects, in other words pigeonholed at Geneva. Do they not hold the only one actually in existence? Possibly Italy can remedy her position in Ethiopia by means of a competent air service for freight. Here again the odds are against her.

Nice and much of the Riviera were ceded by Italy to France, or rather extorted for the price of French services. The sacrifice which seemed worth making at a time when Italy wanted to achieve her independent unity has begun to appear heavy in history books and in the newspaper articles of the nationalist press. But there is no ethnographic difference between the people in Nice and the people in Ventimiglia or San Remo, on the other side of the fence, and Italians claim that there will soon be no difference in government. Meanwhile the French hold Cannes and Nice, and they collect the revenue from the English and American tourist trade. Nor do they offer to share with Signori Grandi and Arnaldo Mussolini, the two evil influences of the great Duce, according to some observers.

Coming to economic advantages, the disproportion is such that no discussion is necessary. Italy can act only as intermediary for other markets. The Balkans and Palestine are no great compensation for American and European markets. France has everything, raw material, factories with thousands of orders waiting to be filled, a high standard of specialization in quality production, an enormous and varied colonial empire, numerous satellites looking to her for supplies, a huge gold reserve, and a monopoly in finery *de luxe*. She neither has, nor wants, quantity production. She caters to the elect. Italy has nothing but her marble, lemons, olives, tourist trade, and her manual laborers who remit their savings from all parts of the world to help the folks at home pay their taxes. No equality here either.

The ease of social life in France has always attracted individual Italians just as the care-free life of Italy used to charm artists from all over the world. But there is a fairly good-sized exodus now from Italy to France. Almost every week some Italian soldiers cross the French frontier as deserters. One day, not long ago, sixty men from an Alpine regiment came over in a group. With them were two Fascist frontier guards. Now, a soldier who deserts that way is interned for a short time, then liberated. Of course, he cannot return home, at least for many years. In view of the steady increase of Italian military desertions, the French papers ask if they are in the presence of a mass movement that has its origin in the general uneasiness of Italy, or if they are merely cases of individual malcontents. Official figures are not given out on either side of the frontier, but the villagers in the vicinity of the frontier posts know more about true conditions than politicians on either side. They declare that the gendarmes are kept busy apprehending deserters and conducting them to local police posts for questioning.

American readers are also familiar with the stories of the daring escapes of anti-Fascisti, like Nitti's nephew, or of Lussu, and the earlier one of Cesarino Rossi, Carlo Bazzi's tool, who, however, was foolish enough to let himself be recaptured. The Fascisti claim that all these Italians should be put out of France if not turned over to the tender mercy of the Fascist militia. The French cannot do that. Both members of the intelligenzia and rebellious soldiers may come in handy. As long as they pay their way, they are left unmolested. Not on this score will the Italian fireeaters obtain satisfaction.

It is clear to any one familiar with the French stage and the choice epithets and comments of the Gallic press, especially the weekly press, that neither Poincaré, Briand, Tardieu, nor any other leader of the very independent French, will muzzle them. Old Clemenceau tried it and succeeded for a time, but he died surrounded by a wall of resentment. How then can the remaining bigwigs prevent the French *revue* makers, song writers and journalists from poking fun at the serious aspirations of Young Italy, from caricaturing Mussolini, and from sneering at the Fascist paradise? Mussolini himself is gifted with a rich sense of humor, but his followers have none, barring a few demigods like Signor Giunta or the Duce's own son-

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in-law. In any case, jokes, sneers, and caricatures go on unrepressed. The French do not see any reason why their press should be curbed to please Italians. The Italians do not see why they should always be dealt with by the French press and song writers with a patronizing smile. Both are right. Self-restraint is the only solution.

We now come to a more important focus of trouble. Turn to the map and see the formidable array of possible enemies. Paris is really the center of Europe, if we exclude Russia that has really excluded itself. Look at the map. Almost on the same circumference are to be found London, Brussels and Geneva. On the next rim are Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Berlin, Prague, Rome and Madrid. On the third, close to the second, are the Allies of France, Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, and all her North African dependencies. A formidable array! The famous perpendicular line, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Italy, did not prove workable in the World War. Other things being equal, Italians have not the ghost of a chance between the fiery Serbs and the exasperated French. The first hundred thousand African shock troops would strike terror in their hearts. I say this without any feeling of disparagement for the Italian dash and endurance. The game is really not equal by half.

In the early days of last September, four Yugoslavs were shot at Trieste in the presence of a large crowd of Italian soldiers. They were tied to chairs and shot in the back. The four men were members of a group of eighteen tried on charges of thirteen murders, thirty-one attempted murders, bombings, burning of schools and asylums, spreading of subversive literature, and supplying military secrets to Yugoslavia. Thousands of Slav subjects of the Italian king will consider them martyrs. National hatred will be fanned to higher flames. And so the game goes on.

Not that way will Fascism acquire Dalmatia or conciliate Serbs, Slovenes or Croats. The demonstrations that followed almost immediately in Zagreb gave an indication of their feelings. They dragged an Italian flag through the mud and burned it in the Hospital Square while the mob applauded. The manifestants attempted a demonstration in front of the Italian Consulate. The police frustrated them, but with no great heart in their imposed task. As a sign of mourning, all cafes and theatres and the concert halls were closed.

What in all this is Mussolini's attitude? With all my admiration for his personality, I have to confess that his attitude is pathetic. Nothing but an extraordinary miracle can save his countrymen from disaster. He, being an intelligent man, knows this. His chief supporters, being fools, do not know it, or expect him to perform the miracle. What the mass of Italians think will never be known. Mussolini has had to make apologies to the French for unseemly disorder outside French consulates in Italy. He also has had to make apologies to his followers for the delay in striking at those who would keep the fruit of victory from the Italians.

This Week's Contributors

Robert Cruise McManus is a former New York newspaper man who has become an expert political observer for the magazines.

Emily Newell Blair is a Missouri woman who has been writing for several years on women's place in the world. She is an associate editor of *Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

Jack Callahan says he has been a "prowler," or house burglar. Anyway, he knows his yeggmen. He has held high executive posts in industry.

George Raffalovich is a professor in Emory University. He has lived in both France and Italy and is a close student of their affairs.

He has exacted apologies from Greeks and Serbs and even General Butler, but he will not obtain them at every call.

Surrounded by many rogues and some honest but misguided men, he is in the pitiful position of holding back an avalanche that will roll down anyhow and swallow him first. His eye is clear, his mind alert, his opinion of his lieutenants no secret. What can he do? Hold his men back? They'll create an incident and force a war. Ask for a revision of the peace treaties? He has done that.

The French, who benefited most by those treaties, laughed. Find enough members of the League of Nations to press for a revision? He may be trying that. Meanwhile, armaments and munitions are being accumulated by both sides and their allies. We may repeat that a war between these two great Latin nations would be a crime. Suppose Italy won. Wealth, all the French colonies opened to her now on terms of national equality, Dalmatia, Corsica, Nice, and that blessed self-respect regained—isn't that worth while? Italy is sick of Latin friendships that bring her no results. Economically she has all to gain and little to lose if she forces an issue.

Of course, there have been periods of Latin fervor. Between 1896 and 1911, there was even a period of friendship. A *mariage de raison* was expected between the Italians who are so eager and young, and the French who know how to live without great desires. Affairs from 1916 to the arrival of President Wilson in Europe were such that observers claimed that the two countries vibrated with one pulse. If true, the unity is long past. The French soldiers who came to help Italy after Caporetto sneered at their Italian fellow warriors. When the average Parisian reads that Mussolini has made another apocalyptic oration, he merely comments: "A squad and a corporal of Senegalians, and we'll settle him!"

Obviously, the oldtimers who alternate in the French government know better. Italy has changed since 1870. The French soldiers would not find the task easy. Nevertheless, the tension has become such that more than a naval holiday will be needed to prevent the war of 1931 or, according to Lüdendorf, of 1932. It may be precipitated by a trifling event, and the only beneficiary—no matter who wins on the battlefield—will be Russia. But I venture the prediction —based on many decades of intimate associations with the plain people of both countries and with their rulers—that the war, if it starts, will not end until a more equitable distribution of colonies is achieved, or Italy will be beaten to her knees for two generations. Even a political union of France, Italy, all of Northern Africa, and French-speaking Belgium, may be the outcome.

In any case, Italy has now a birth rate of 26 per thousand and a death rate of 13.7 per thousand. Her population is nearly 42,000,000 in Italy alone. Surely she could afford to wait. That is the view of Mussolini. Would that it were also that of the enthusiastic youth of Italy whose imagination his wild and ambitious lieutenants have so completely fired!

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The Great Conciliator

(Continued from Page 301)

noose with the reminder that he is not a candidate, that he has no experience in public office, that he hopes never to undertake a job for which his experience does not fit him. Last winter they almost caught him as a member of the state board of regents, but the brilliantly strategical Republican legislators turned him down for one of their own workers.

Mr. Young has gone out of his way so often to assail politics and politicians that we might almost be justified in accusing him of anti-democratic tendencies, along with many another lord of industry to whom efficiency is so dear.

"I shall be happy," he said in launching the endowment drive for the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins, "if we can substitute the calm findings of the investigator for the blatant explosions of politicians. I beg the politicians to stop their harmful talk until the facts are found."

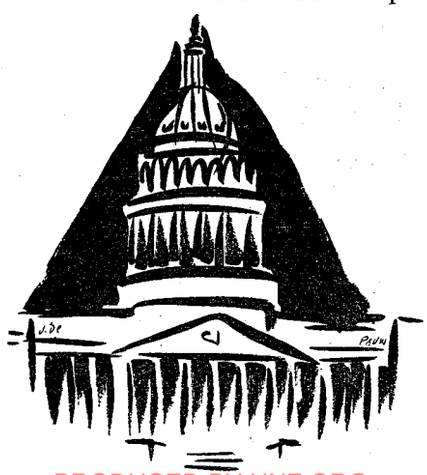
"Politics, and particularly democracies," he reminds us, "are not well adapted to deal with economic situations. The tragedy which delights us on the stage of politics means real death and real tears when acted in the theatre of economics . . . . Our kitchen maid, economics, was compelled to cut the menu of her leading lady, politics (on the amount of reparations), by more than 70 per cent to make it fit the prospects of the world's larder . . . . Politics and economics are in conflict everywhere in the world today. It has even been suggested that if a holiday of armaments is good, a holiday of parliaments is better."

Anybody can throw vegetables at politicians. Everybody, of course, does, especially those who know least about their difficulties. But when Owen D. Young rises in the audience with a tomato poised and begs us not to send him up to those dirty fellows behind the footlights, we are a little disturbed. Has our democratic experiment come to this, that our leading private citizen wants nothing to do with it? If, as he tells us, politics makes such dreadful economic blunders, would it not be the gracious thing for an economist to set her right, instead of remaining aloof to deride our already over-derided statesmen? Can it be that Mr. Young, surrounded as he is by the "yes-men" who always flower the path of corporate chieftains, fears the pitched battles of democratic government, the irreverent, blistering jeers of the Newcomb Carltons of Congress? He is not strong physically—there is a story that he collapsed seven times in one day at the Dawes Conference—has he a premonition that the mauling suffered by every President would wear him down? Or is he playing the game played by candidates who manoeuvre to be "drafted"?

In his case, of course, there is no other method by which he might capture the nomination; if he went after it openly he would be assailed all over the country as a member of the unspeakable Wall Street crowd seeking to corral the nation's wealth for J. P. Morgan. So he must wait in the wings, hoping to be dragged out, protesting to the last.

There are two general issues, prohibition and prosperity, by which all Democratic candidates are likely to be measured. At the moment, the ball of anti-prohibition sentiment, which whizzed so fast for almost a year, has stopped rolling. This is to Mr. Young's advantage, for though he refuses to be classed as a wet he nevertheless opposes the theory of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, while favoring "a sane law, wisely administered and one capable of being honestly administered." Wets and drys alike could swallow this if we were still down on our luck in 1932 and the cry were raised for a leader of foresight, initiative and the courage to experiment in seeking a way out of the economic wilderness. Logically, Owen Young, the critic of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the founder of the International Bank, the super-active exponent of world conference and coöperation, would be that man. But the politicians, mindful of the leather-lunged orators of the West, fear his Wall Street shadow.

As a campaigner, he might fool them, disarming the opposition with the same persuasive skill by which he disarmed the stubborn Teutons at Paris. His picturesque aptness of phrase, his rural background (somehow the reporters always seem to learn when he is going up home for Christmas) might warm the hearts of his countrymen and cause them to forget that he ever went near a board of directors.



And in the White House he might, conceivably, be a great President, though it would do him no harm to remember Dwight Morrow's Rule Number Six, which advises:

"Don't take yourself too seriously."

The Prowler in Your Home

(Continued from Page 299)

he hears you warble thusly. Nothing, nothing I say, strikes terror to the heart of a prowler like the high-pitched, hysterical scream of a lady! I know what I'm talking about. I would rather hear bullets whizzing by my ears than hear that bloodcurdling scream.

I am reminded of an experience that I had some years ago in the home of a prominent banker. I had entered the home while the family was dining—entered, incidentally, through the rear, second-story window. Why do folks always leave those rear, second-story windows open? I was preparing to exit gracefully with the swag when, lo and behold, in comes a big, wild-looking negro prowler. I ducked behind a portiere and watched him search the room. Presently he stumbled across a chair and that aroused the family below. A second later I heard somebody coming up the stairs. The negro made for a closet, but before he could get under cover, click—on went the lights and there on the threshold stood a woman. The negro grabbed her throat and wrestled her to the floor. The gallant in me was aroused at the spectacle of a "boogie" attacking a white woman so I drew my gun, took a careful aim and clipped the negro in the back, whereupon he nose-dived to the floor, screaming with pain. I beat a hasty retreat down the rain-spout to liberty.

A telltale fingerprint that I had left on the window effected my capture a year later. The detectives convinced the court and jury that the negro and I were buddies. They said my fingerprints on the window proved it. They said I shot to kill the woman; consequently I was convicted of assault with intent to kill, and breaking and entering as the "boogie" had been so convicted. I got fifteen years for acting the gallant. The court and jury laughed at my explanation of the affair. Imagine!

I warn you again, Mister, never go looking for the prowler! He will kill you if you corner him!

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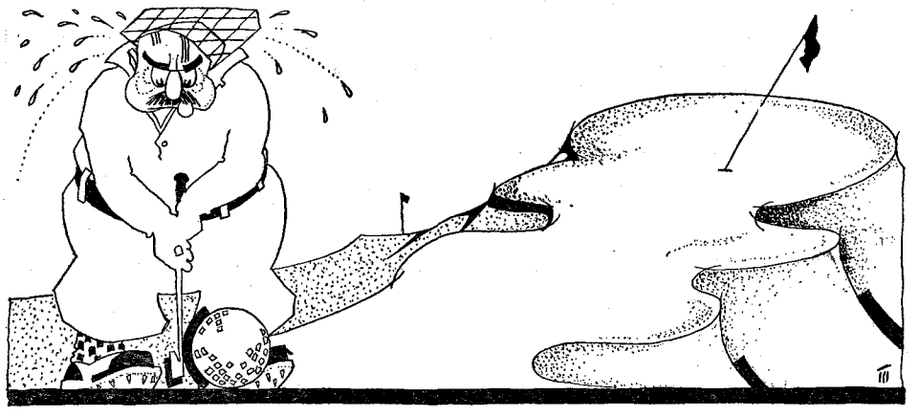
The Spotlight on Sports



Revolt on the Links

POLLS conducted by various newspapers throughout the country indicate an overwhelming antipathy to the new golf ball which the U. S. G. A. has foisted upon American golfers. The vote is running twenty to one in favor of the old jackrabbit. Revolts and rumors of revolt threaten the Implement and Ball Committee's peace of mind. John Q. Duffer is convinced that he has been "jobbed"—that he is the victim of a diabolical plot to ruin his scores and spoil his fun. Petitions are being circulated at many golf clubs asking the Greens Committee to nullify the ban on the old ball. Governing boards, in turn, are begging the U. S. G. A. to abandon its noble experiment and legalize the 1.62 by 1.62 sphere of happy memory.

All this is very embarrassing to the high-principled, well-meaning sportsmen who sponsored the unpopular "balloon" ball. Herbert Ramsay, President of the U. S. G. A., is sincerely convinced that the new ball is the most scientific yet devised, that it strikes a nice balance between course design and golfing skill, but he admits that his organization cannot buck public opinion indefinitely. If the revolt now smouldering flames into a conflagration it is probable that the U. S. G. A. will make concessions. The new ball may be retained for national championship play while clubs are given the option of using the old sphere in their local tournaments.

The Duffers' Complaint

THE U. S. G. A. does not arbitrarily compel Bill Smith and Tom Brown to use the new ball in friendly foursomes, but in effect the average player is forced to play the light ball for the reason that the manufacturers have agreed not to make the old ball and sporting goods dealers have stopped carrying it. British ball makers likewise pledged themselves not to export the jackrabbit.

While crack amateurs and professionals have adjusted their swings to the lighter ball and accepted the change philosophically, if not with enthusiasm, the average golfer remains unreconciled. Rancor gnaws in his heart; invectives tumble from his tongue. He is mad clear through and doesn't care who knows it.

Apostles of the balloon ball contend that an abnormally rainy spring has produced course conditions which would have affected the old ball adversely. What with heavy, mushy fairways, soggy, rough and swampy greens, the light ball has not had a fair test. Furthermore, they argue, the duffer finds the new ball a convenient alibi. He forgets that he hooked, sliced and topped the old ball with irritating frequency and blames the new one for all his mechanical shortcomings. It has ended originality in alibis.

Nevertheless golf's rank and file has turned thumbs down on the big ball. "We support the game," they protest, "and should not be discriminated against just because a few experts made courses look ridiculously easy with the jackrabbit sphere. We don't want to be coddled, but we do want to get pleasure as well as exercise out of golf.

"With this erratic light ball we cannot make the necessary carries from the tee. No longer can we get home in two strokes at a medium-length par four hole. Our crooked shots are exaggerated. Against any sort of a breeze we are handcuffed. What's more, we can't hole putts of reasonable length. The light ball is deflected by tiny bumps or depressions on the green and has a perverse habit of rimming the cup. Instead of striving to break 90 we now struggle hopelessly to crack 100. This pill may be just what the doctor ordered for the expert, but it's a pain in the neck to us!"

Already the Siwanoy Country Club at Bronxville, N. Y., has blacklisted the U. S. G. A.'s pet pill. The old ball is mandatory in all Siwanoy tournaments. Green Meadow's governors have compromised by giving members the option of using either ball. Even exclusive Wykagyl, conservative stronghold that it is, has voted to join the rebellion.

Harvard Wins at New London

AN ELI cycle of rowing triumphs was broken on the Thames when Harvard's unbeaten 1931 crew jumped Yale at the start, beneath the railroad bridge, stole a length lead, and fought off every Blue challenge along the gruelling trail to Bartlett's Cove.

Yale wasn't caught napping—it just couldn't match Jerry Cassedy's sizzling start. That vibrant son of a Cambridge plumber took a chance on cracking his crew by flailing away at forty strokes per minute for the first quarter mile. His gamble clinched the race right then and there. Perhaps it wasn't much of a gamble at that for Cassedy knew what his blue-blooded shipmates had it in them to do.

The importance of a natural-born stroke oar was never better illustrated than at New London. Cassedy, a scrapper from the shock of his black hair to the soles of his crimson-banded, white woolen racing socks, has the verve and dash one associates with his breed. Coach Glendon of Navy calls him "the greatest stroke Harvard has had since Lund—a pace-setter worthy to sit beside Eddy of Annapolis fame and Lindley of Yale memory."

Cassedy lifted his giant crew by its stretcher straps—jammed it into the lead he meant to grab at any cost. "I want to keep my eye on Yale," he told the writer before the race. "No crew can spot our gang a length and whip us. We're going to row a front race all the way."

Cassedy's strategy clicked. Bob Goodale, Yale's Eifel Tower stroke, is not a natural beat-setter. Game as a pit bull, he lacks the spark which marks the born stroke oar. Dogged but sluggish, Goodale couldn't drive his crew above thirty-eight in that frenzied getaway. No blame rests on Goodale or his gritty men. They rowed themselves to a state of collapse in their futile stern chase. You can't ask more than that.

Sentimental Sportswriters

THE romantic cult in sportswriting enjoyed a sentimental debauch over Cassedy's Irish lineage. "A dash of green did it," was the favorite theme—a conclusion less than just to the stalwart Beacon Hill boys who took the beat

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so flawlessly and savagely from the Irish pace-setter.

Of course these romantics were playing up to their readers. The New York newspaper creed allocates all the virile, rugged qualities to horny-handed sons of Gael and finds it profitable to sneer at so-called "blue-blooded scions of aristocracy."

Alas for popular theories, the toughest-fibred, hardest-boiled football player I ever saw was Huntington Hardwick, a graduate of ultra-exclusive Groton School, bred to the purple, and born with a golden spoon in his mouth. When Hardwick took 'em out—they stayed out! Not even Notre Dame, alleged fountainhead of virility, has produced a more vicious blocker and interferer than Hardwick of Harvard whom Percy Haughton called "the best all-around player in football history." His nickname "Tack" explains itself. Gentle, refined, soft-spoken off the gridiron, Hardwick could whip his weight in wildcats when the whistle blew.

With all due respect to Cassedy, a fighting stroke if ever there was one, those seven "swank aristocrats" behind him pulled their share of the load. Other things being equal, a gently bred boy, with family athletic traditions to uphold, has the edge on a farm lad or a ghetto-reared youngster who lacks such a background. Breeding tells in humans as in horses when muscle and moral fibre has not been allowed to atrophy. There was nothing soft about the Saltonstalls, Bacons, Bancrofts and Hallowells who pulled the Crimson-tipped sweeps back of Cassedy.

▶▶*Harvard at Henley*

Here's a bit of rowing news the sport pages didn't carry. Harvard's *third* string varsity combination rowed as the "Jayvees" against Yale and took an unexpected trimming.

When the 1931 season got under way, Coach Whiteside of Harvard was confronted by an embarrassment of riches. It soon became evident that the crew originally selected as the second varsity, stroked by Lawrence, was too good to waste on "jayvee" races. Nobody ever remembers who wins these contests.

In this pleasant dilemma, some one got the bright idea of sending Lawrence's crew to the Henley Regatta, London. When these lines appear, Harvard's second varsity eight will be rowing for the Grand Challenge Cup on the old-world Thames against such crack combinations as Leander, London Boat Club, Henley, Vesper and Argonaut A. C.

(Continued on Page 319)

▶▶ The Week in Business ◀◀

▶▶*Still Better*

In view of the week's developments, even the professional pessimists have to admit that business has broken through for another first down and still has possession of the ball. At last it has a backbone where its wishbone used to be.

Wholesale and retail trade, helped by favorable weather and the fact that a great many people still seem to be able to afford vacation trips, have made further gains. Even production shows improvement in certain lines, although steel manufacture continues to decline. Prices for agricultural products have advanced in several markets, including the important section of which St. Louis is the center.

While the Hoover plan for a year's suspension of war debt payments still holds the front page, other factors are contributing materially to an improved business morale. One is the advance in stock market prices, which has written 26 leading stocks up more than $4,000,000,000 from the year's low levels, and has registered a gain of $10,000,000,000 for the entire list. It is certainly worth something to have our investors feel ten billion dollars better off than they did earlier in the year.

Another healing spot is the oil industry. California has ended its expensive price-cutting orgy in gasoline, and the East Texas fields are well on the way toward an effective proration agreement. The leaven is working. If we only give it time to complete its job, the whole batch will come out of the oven brown, palatable and nourishing.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 25—70.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 25—63.5.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 13—732,453 cars (reduction of 28,437 under preceding week and of 193,613 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 20—35% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 31% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 20—daily average gross 2,482,350 barrels (increase of 19,250 over preceding week; reduction of 116,500 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended June 20—2,460,000 bushels (increase of 1,082,000 over preceding week and of 677,000 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 25—$7,430,481,000 (reduction of 18.7% under preceding week and of 34.7% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 25—422 (reduction of 45 under preceding week and of 68 under same week of 1930).

▶▶*Jewelers vs. Thieves*

Other lines of business which suffer from holdups and sneak-thievery might find it profitable to study the methods by which 4,500 jewelry concerns, banded together in the Jewelers' Security Alliance of the United States, are making the operations of jewelry crooks steadily more dangerous and less profitable.

The crooks have many tricks. For example, there is the fruit-eater. If the jeweler does not watch him carefully, he will press a stone or ring into an apple core or a squeezed orange and throw the fruit into the street for his accomplice to pick up. The gum-chewer substitutes a false stone for a real one and sticks the latter, by means of gum, under the edge of the counter until he gets a chance to remove it without being discovered. The umbrella-carrier drops valuable articles into the umbrella—and so on.

The alliance keeps its members informed about these devices, and methods for circumventing them. It also maintains relations with Pinkerton's, so that members who are robbed can get immediate coöperation from that agency's nearest office. As a result, the value of jewelry stolen from members during 1930 was kept down to about $111,000, which is surely a remarkable showing.

Just recently the jewelry crooks have turned kidnaper. They go early in the morning to the home of a jeweler, stick a gun in his ribs, force him into their car and take him to his store, where he is made to open the safe and give up whatever articles the robbers want. This trick is new, but the alliance has already developed a most ingenious way to meet it. The crooks are smart, but the alliance experts appear to be just a shade smarter.

▶▶*"Anything May Be Returned"*

Grover Whalen's displeasure at the spoofing of Wanamaker's in a recent musical comedy skit was based on something more far-reaching than a mere dislike for caricature—a real and entirely understandable antipathy to what merchandisers everywhere refer to as "the returned goods evil."

As was shown by Dr. Malcolm Mac-

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Nair's survey of department store operations during 1930, only the big fellows (those doing a business in excess of $10,000,000) made any money to speak of. The Harvard survey covered 722 department and specialty stores with aggregate sales of about $1,680,000,000. While the physical volume of merchandise handled was almost equal to that of 1929, higher operating costs and lower retail selling prices combined to wipe out the profit margin for all except a few of the larger stores.

One of the chief reasons for the higher costs, Mr. Whalen believes, was the "appalling waste" on merchandise "sold" but later returned by customers. It is Mr. Whalen's experience that more operations are always required in handling a return than in making the original sale.

The trend toward frequent returns is steadily upward. The cost in the New York metropolitan area is estimated at more than $100,000,000 a year. It is therefore not to be wondered at that one of Manhattan's most conspicuous merchandisers is calling loudly for united action against "this malignant practice, now chronic and steadily increasing."

▸▸ *The Doctor's Dilemma*

WHILE Merryle Stanley Rukeyser was financial editor of the New York *Tribune* he received about 30,000 inquiries about investments, and so many of them were from physicians that he became a sort of investment counsel to the medical profession. The fruit of this relationship is found in *The Doctor and His Investments* (Blakiston, $2.50).

The business man may use his surplus for expanding his own business or he may employ his funds in outside investments. The doctor has no such choice, and therefore must find outlets for his surplus earnings in outside channels, if he is to build up a self-pensioning fund. The same is true, of course, for men and women in the other professions.

Coming down from general investment principles to specific issues, Mr. Rukeyser presents in his final chapter a list of eleven bonds, seven preferred stocks and eight common stocks which he thinks might well be included in the physician's investment portfolio.

While this book is addressed to members of a single profession, we are inclined to think that its field will not be limited to the extent indicated by the title. Physicians will read Mr. Rukeyser's advice and pass it on to their friends, giving the material an audience that will be fairly large and more than fairly satisfied.

FRANK A. FALL.

▸▸ The Latest Plays ◂◂

"ISN'T this an awful show?" asked what F. P. A. would no doubt refer to as my b. f. and s. c. "Oh, I don't know," I replied, being in a somewhat benevolent mood, "we've seen lots worse. In fact, with a little work, this thing could be made pretty good." "How?" was her challenging question, so that means you're in for some "constructive criticism."

Paid Companions was the piece during the second *entr'acte* of which the above colloquy occurred. It is the work of one Bernard J. McOwen and it is offered as a "broad-minded comedy drama." A lady called Cecil Spooner, who, the program assures us, is known to theatregoers from coast to coast, is the star. It also goes on to tell us that, "She lives in New Canaan, Conn., with her sister, Edna May Spooner, and her mother, Mrs. Mary Gibbs Spooner. In private life she is wife of the well-known theatrical manager, Charles E. Blaney." (There's a fine distinction for you!)

As you might deduce from the title, *Paid Companions* deals with the plight of the ladies of New York who toil not, neither do they spin, but manage to eke out an existence involving limousines, jewels and penthouses. (Have you noticed that having the hero or heroine live in a penthouse has saved lazy playwrights pages and pages of exposition between the maid and the butler?) As was the case in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, there is a trio of these none too pure ladies who exchange rather crude gags, particularly during the inevitable comic drunk scene, but in *Paid Companions* the drama part of the "comedy-drama" comes from the fact that one of the girls is in the game against her will. She was given a knockout drop by an old procuress and delivered into the clutches of a great big he-man just returned from hunting in Africa. Although he had got into something of a jam by trifling with a chief's harem, he was still hungry for a WOMAN and had paid his cash for our heroine and had installed her in the penthouse. Well, you can see how awful that was, but, to complicate matters still further, the boy from the village down in Maine who had always loved her appears. He believes that she is a great singer, hence the apartment, and is overjoyed when she tells him she still loves him and will marry him the day after tomorrow. However, the big game hunter had paid for her a month in advance and intended to get his money's worth. With the aid of a double-crossing negro maid (excellently played, by the way, by Miss Ida Anderson) he manages to appear at the most inconvenient moments. Finally, when he is telling the young man to get out and stay out and has to use force to put over his point, there is nothing for the girl to do but shoot him. Of course, the homicide squad detective calls it suicide and the boy and girl are free to live happily ever after—his dumbness being only exceeded by his forgiveness—or else how would they *ever* end the thing?

Paid Companions holds one's attention because of the undeniable drama in the old situation. Where it and all the other variations on the theme that I've seen go false is in starting out with two assumptions: First, that the fate of the girl in the case is worse than death and that she is an object of sympathy even though she is there of her own free will and cheats and lies to her keeper on every opportunity; and, secondly, that he is a complete swine because he wants something for his money. How about being a little more realistic about it? Let's have the same factual situation but with the girl quite contented, in fact, thinking she's pretty lucky—that happens. She likes her protector a good deal—that happens, too. Then the young man appears and she falls in love with him. She doesn't want to cheat either of them—they're both good fellows, if of different types—and she realizes she is under obligations to the one whose money she has been accepting. The murder, if one were necessary, would be motivated by hysterical desperation. Mr. McOwen won't write it, but the amorphous state of the American kept woman *is* material for legitimate drama.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Rachel Crothers amusingly points out even Dubuque husbands have sterling qualities.

Grand Hotel: Still packing them into the season's biggest dramatic hit.

Once in a Lifetime: Fun in and about Hollywood.

Precedent: Should be compulsory for all who are complacent about American justice.

Private Lives: Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy carrying on in Noel Coward's hit.

The Band Wagon: Very, very smart revue with the Astaires, Tilly Losch, Frank Morgan and Helen Broderick.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Interesting and literate play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

The Green Pastures: Luckily the announcement of closing made them sell out again, so they'll keep this on.

Third Little Show: Mainly Beatrice Lillie and a couple of good songs.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Zita Johann and Glenn Anders in Philip Barry's fine play.

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The New Movies

"Smart Money"

LADIES, I suggest that you watch out. Too long have you treated the men of America like necessary evils. Retribution may now break out almost anywhere. In *Smart Money* the gentleman gives the lady a resounding and effective kick in the pants which propels her through the doorway and part way down the stairs—and the audience fairly shouts its approval. In another recent film the gentleman slaps the lady's face in no indecisive manner—and again the audience seems delighted. I believe "suppressed desires" is the correct phrase.

It is a curious fact, but the only well-made or interesting films Hollywood is turning out these days are gangster stories. *Smart Money* displays Edward G. Robinson as a small-town gambler who goes to the big city and cleans up. "Nick the Barber" is one of those cheerful little Italian racketeers who is kind to his canary, sentimental to a fault, and much given to blondes. With him in his rise is James Cagney, another excellent actor-gangster. Although it deals entirely with gamblers and their peculiar tendencies to take a chance on anything and everything, its plot is much like those of racketeer pictures. Mr. Robinson brings the vulgar little Nick to life, makes him worth watching.

Smart Money is what Hollywood calls a "man's picture," as opposed to the "women's pictures" which show how girls can "sin" and have their cake too. Hollywood thinks its male audiences are interested in nothing but gunplay, and its female audiences in nothing but promiscuity and how not to get caught at it.

Musical Films

Undoubtedly musical films will return. Two German films recently shown in this country are an indication of what a little intelligence can do. Both *Die Privatsekretaerin* and *Tankstelle* are light, fast, tuneful and good fun—if you know some German. But my point is that they have an enthusiasm, a zest and a mad gaiety which nobody in Hollywood, even the skillful Herr Lubitsch, has quite caught. The people sing casually and in all sorts of odd places. They do not stop acting, brace themselves, and laboriously "plug" theme songs as American actors used to in the terrible all-singing, all-sheet-music-in-the-lobby days. You were always conscious of the Hollywood singer's salesmanship. He sang every verse in the song before he relaxed and smiled into the camera again. Some day, you mark my words, a modern Gilbert and Sullivan will turn up to make swell musical films.

Worth Seeing

Five-Year Plan: Travelogue with lecture in English showing what the Soviet boys are doing.

Maltese Falcon: Mystery story with Bebe Daniels.

Le Million: Gay and light-hearted farce from France. Among the best—no French needed.

Public Enemy: *Hard-boiled gangsters shooting things out.*

Secret Six: Wallace Beery fights his way to the top of the beer racket—which turns out to be the electric chair.

Skippy: Percy Crosby's elegant little boy comes to life just as you imagined him.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier begins with a brunette and ends with a blonde. The Strauss music is pleasant, too.

Viking: Pictures of a seal-hunt across acres of slippery ice cakes. No story, but cool to look at.

The New Cartoons

Always on the alert for exceptional cartoon comedies, this department wishes to make special awards to the Walt Disney studios for the Silly Symphony entitled *Playful Pan* and the Mickey Mouse films entitled *Shipwrecked* and *Pioneer Days,* the latter of which shows Mickey and Minnie headed westward in a covered wagon and fighting off ferocious redskins. All three are simply elegant.

Speaking of cartoons—any animated cartoons—*Variety* reports that the artists who make these films start at $25 and $30 a week, and, after two years, get up to $60.

Warners

NICK THE BARBER

Edward G. Robinson gives another notable characterization as the small-town gambler who breaks into the big city

In the same issue Variety reports that for the last year John Murray Anderson, former movie house stage show producer, has been drawing $3,500 a week from Universal Pictures for doing absolutely nothing at all. Mr. Anderson had a contract with Universal, but they didn't seem to decide on a picture worthy of his talents.

Another item telling of the dismissal of nearly all the Warner-First National writers: "They left the studio blithely Saturday afternoon (May 16th), and returned on Monday to discover they couldn't get into their offices. Cop told them they would find their personal belongings in a box in the waiting room."

The Week's Housework

And now, with malice toward none, a rising gorge and a sinking feeling, let us review the rest of the week's pictures.

Anabell's Affairs: Another old stage play, *Good Gracious Anabell,* has been dusted off with moderately successful results. People who saw the original tell me the film has none of the lightness and deftness of Clare Kummer's stage play. However, *Anabell's Affairs* may help you pass a dull evening.

Confessions of a Co-ed: Gum-chewing school girls under fifteen favoring raspberry pecan banana-splits with chocolate ice cream and caramel sauce will think this vital drama. The rest of us will think it the worst movie of 1931, although this is only July. It contains the word "love" 532 times and was written by "anonymous."

The Prodigal: This should never have been released, although it has some fine singing by Lawrence Tibbett and an excellent chorus. It is a hopeless hodge-podge about the son of an old southern family who becomes a hobo when his brother marries his girl (played by Esther Ralston). Somehow it just never comes off.

Goldie: Apparently without either pride or shame the Fox studios have turned out still another film about the two sailors who fight over their girls in every port, but are pals and buddies in spite of it all.

Five and Ten: Again the movie audience is reassured that breeding and family are worthless—the society girl is a snob and a cat; the other girl is not. Marion Davies, Richard Bennett, Leslie Howard, Irene Rich and Mary Duncan.

The Skin Game: Unfortunately John Galsworthy's fine play is ruined by poor sound recording and tony British acc'nts. What you can hear of it is good.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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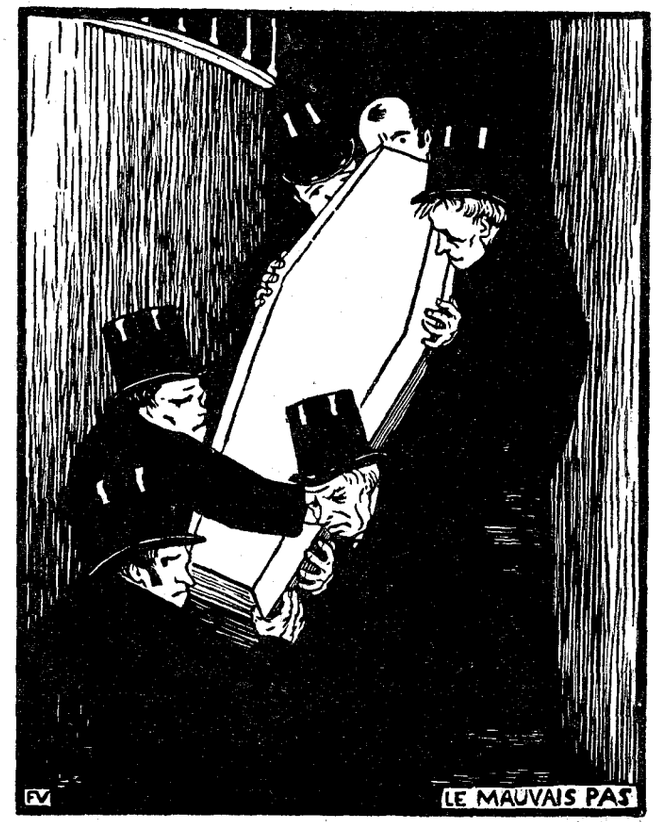
The New Books

The Season's Thrillers

FOR the benefit of those who want to pack a few good blood-thrillers in their vacation bags, we cast a backward look over the last six months' titles. The best of them all, in our opinion, is Dashiell Hammett's *The Glass Key* (Knopf), a harsh, swift tale of gamblers and politicians and racketeers and their women. For a second choice we would perhaps pick *The Documents in the Case* (Brewer & Warren), by Dorothy Sayers and Robert Eustace. Miss Sayers is one of our favorite detective story writers, and although her entertaining detective, Lord Peter Wimsey, takes no part in this story, it is a good one. J. S. Fletcher is represented by *The Dressing Room Murder* (Knopf), which is better than some of his later stories, and Agatha Christie by *The Man in the Brown Suit* (Dodd Mead), a republication of one of her best, for several years out of print. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has given us *Letty Lynton* (Cape & Smith), the well-written story of a sweet young thing who murders her lover. F. F. Van De Water's *Havoc* (Crime Club) is the story of a murder in the Canadian woods, with a hardboiled New York police captain as detective or criminal, you're never quite sure which until the end. *The Black Box* (Vanguard) is a very eerie story by the eccentric M. P. Shiel, and contains some good detective work. A story which we found amusing as well as exciting, if not entirely credible, is *The Gyrth Chalice Mystery*, by Margery Allingham (Crime Club), an English story with a pleasantly silly detective. The same may be said for J. Jefferson Farjeon's *The House Opposite* (Dial), whose tramp hero has some amazing adventures. M. H. Bradley's *Murder in Room 700* (Appleton) will keep you breathless with suspense, and Arthur Gask's *The Lonely House* (Macaulay), an Australian thriller, will also put some slight extra pressure on your arteries. Swift and incredible is Peter Baron's *The Round Table Murders* (Macaulay). Though you may guess the answer to R. A. J. Walling's *Stroke of One* (Morrow), you will read on to the finish, for it is well-constructed and exciting. Florence Converse's *The Sphinx* (Dutton) is an unusual mystery story, leisurely and charming, with a plot laid in Italy. David Frome's *The Strange Death of Martin Green* (Crime Club) is a swell mystery as well as a good picture of a suburban golfing community. Henry Kitchell Webster's *The Man with the Scarred Hand* (Bobbs Merrill), though containing neither detectives nor fingerprints, is a fine mystery tale of a young man who went to claim an abandoned farm and what happened to him. Although not specially thrilling Eden Phillpotts' *Found Drowned* (Macmillan), the story of a Cornish doctor's attempt to find out why the corpse of a musician was washed up by the sea, is absorbingly interesting. Very ingenious is *The Second Shot* (Crime Club) by Anthony Berkeley, which has three successive endings, each of which changes the story completely. We can recommend, too, J. J. Connington's *The Boathouse Riddle* (Little Brown) which is credible, and contains some very logical detective work. Also calculated to chill your corpuscles are Herman Landon's *The Back Seat Murder* (Liveright), Henry James Forman's *The Rembrandt Murder* (Smith), Elizabeth Gill's *The Crime Coast* (Crime Club), C. C. Waddell's *Juror No. 17* (King), K. S. Daiger's *The Fourth Degree* (Smith), George Dyer's *The Three Cornered Wound* (Houghton), M. J. Freeman's *The Murder of a Midget* (Dutton), and Henry Holt's *The Midnight Mail* (Crime Club). There are two books of short crime stories that we can recommend: *The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year* (Day) and *Dr. Thorndyke's Cases* (Dodd Mead), eight stories by the always competent R. Austin Freeman. *Behind the Green Lights* (Knopf), the life story of Captain Willemse of the New York police, and *The Pinkertons* (Little Brown), by Richard Wilmer, are certainly as enthralling as any of the fiction. And Joseph Gollomb has collected in one volume, *Crimes of the Year* (Liveright), a number of recent cases which we think you will shudder over. T. Morris Longstreth and Henry Vernon have collected in *Murder at Belly Butte* (Century) fourteen true stories of mysteries solved by the persistence and cleverness of the Northwestern Mounted Police, on whom they are authorities.

Finally we would like to mention two tales of pure adventure: Robert J. Casey's *Cambodian Quest* (Bobbs Merrill), whose action takes place in the lost jungle cities of Indo-China, and C. E. Scoggins' *House of Darkness* (Bobbs Merrill), which has to do with an expedition to a lost Maya city in Yucatan.

WALTER R. BROOKS.



A woodcut by Felix Valloton from "A History of Wood-Engraving"

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 18.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Non-Fiction

Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Reviewed June 24.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

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The Week's Reading

"CARIBBEAN BACKGROUNDS and Prospects," by Chester Lloyd Jones (D. Appleton, $3.50). We have read so much about American policy in the Caribbean, about Marines in Haiti and Nicaragua, about the Platt Amendment and the Panama Canal, that we are apt to conclude that the Caribbean region is a simple equation in domestic politics, that it can all be explained in terms of imperialism or of liberalism, and that—let us say—the current United States policy of recognition is a major factor in the future of the insular and isthmian republics to the south of Key West.

To this flattering conception of our own omnipotence, Professor Jones supplies an admirable corrective. His book discusses the Caribbean in terms too unfamiliar to the general public, in terms, that is to say, of economic prosperity, of social and racial mixtures, of disease, and of the administrative and political problems which these unfamiliar factors involve. He has little patience with the current radical interpretations of "Wall Street's" malign influence. He sees his picture too broadly. He sees a region that was poverty-stricken and miserable until well into the twentieth century; he sees sugar and coffee and fruit and oil converting a backward region into a treasure chest. He sees new sources of revenue made available to governments at their wits' ends for funds with which to finance political administration. He sees a slow rise of individual prosperity and political stability as a result of the economic integration of the Caribbean with the Occidental countries.

It might be possible to dismiss this as a mere apologia for capitalistic exploitation, were it not for the facts of disease and race which give balance to his picture. The fight against yellow fever, hookworm and malaria has saved many more Caribbean lives and has created far more individual wealth than have been destroyed by all the revolutions and interventions since the Spanish-American war. The work of the United States Public Health Service and of the Rockefeller Institute is a far more extensive form of civilization than anything that gets into the history books. In balance, the United Fruit Company has probably done more for the Caribbean than any "policy" of which newspaper readers hear.

The marvel is that the Caribbean has gone so far and done so well, with its baffling and uneven admixture of Negro, Indian and Spanish blood, with its illiteracy, and with the tug between European and Anglo-Saxon culture and African and Indian peasantry, with over-population and every variety of racial prejudice and political administration known to political society.

Professor Jones's conclusion is one of measured hope for the economic and political future of a region which is comparatively unknown and transcendently important to the mass of the American people:

> The already great commercial interchanges will reach new heights. The investment of foreign capital for development of local resources will increase. The interest of foreign countries in further development of the Caribbean will grow as the interests of their citizens in the region increase and are given protection and encouragement. As local economic and political stability become better established, the occasions prompting to intervention by countries outside the region will be minimized and its practice will decline . . . . Then, too, will be laid the foundation for an even broader cooperation, both political and economic, by the American nations, one based on the realization that the greatest strength for all lies in the increased coöperation and interdependence which fuller development of national resources and growing economic and cultural interchange will promote, to the advantage of all the American republics and of the world at large.

This book presents a side of Caribbean affairs which rarely breaks into the headlines and is useless as a weapon in inter-party politics in the United States. It is high time we realized that the future of the Caribbean does not depend on the whim of Washington or of Wall Street, but upon the slow, painful but admirable efforts of the Caribbean governments, European colonies, republics, and American dependencies alike, to get rid of the terrible legacy of disease, racial and social diversity, and economic debility. Wonders have been accomplished in the last thirty years, and Professor Jones is quite right to remind us of it and of the fact that politics plays only a minor rôle in the drama of the Caribbean renaissance.

JOHN CARTER.

"BETTER Left Unsaid," by Daisy, Princess of Pless (Dutton, $5). The Princess of Pless, whom old folks who were brought up in the nineties on the Illustrated London *News* will remember for her beauty and social doings, has gathered more excerpts from her diaries and correspondence into a book of memoirs. The princess's first book was interesting, especially in its picture of the emotions and life of an Englishwoman in Germany during the

SUMMER READING

WHAT THE OUTLOOK SAID ABOUT THESE BOOKS

THE GLASS KEY
by Dashiell Hammett
author of *The Maltese Falcon*

A best-seller everywhere because thousands agree that "it's a whiz of an opus . . . . twice as good as *The Maltese Falcon.*" $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF

"Be you high-, low- or middle-brow, don't miss this item."—Walter R. Brooks, OUTLOOK

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT
A study of our War with Spain by Walter Millis

"Hilariously tragic . . . . The most brilliant, ironic, revealing picture thus far made of the war."—*New York Post.* *Illustrated $4.00*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

"Read this book and learn how history is made."—Frances Lamont Robbins, OUTLOOK

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD
—O. HENRY
by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice

"O. Henry emerges for the first time as a human being. The enormously interesting story that needed to be told!"—*Fannie Hurst*
Illustrated $3.50

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd St., New York City

"It is a very human story, like all such tragi-comedies, and a story such as O. Henry might have written."—F. L. R., OUTLOOK

RED BREAD
by Maurice Hindus

If you've read "Humanity Uprooted" you'll surely want to read "Red Bread," a memorable and poignant chronicle of the greatest drama of our times. Illustrated $3.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

"It is an eye-opener . . . . His conclusions deserve to be read attentively."—John Carter, OUTLOOK

CARIBBEAN BACKGROUNDS AND PROSPECTS
by Chester Lloyd Jones

This new book goes more thoroughly than any other into the social and economic backgrounds of the Caribbean region, describing the amazing advances of recent decades. $4.00

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd St., New York City

"Dr. Jones is to be congratulated on having brought the Caribbean story vividly up to date."—Frank A. Fall, OUTLOOK

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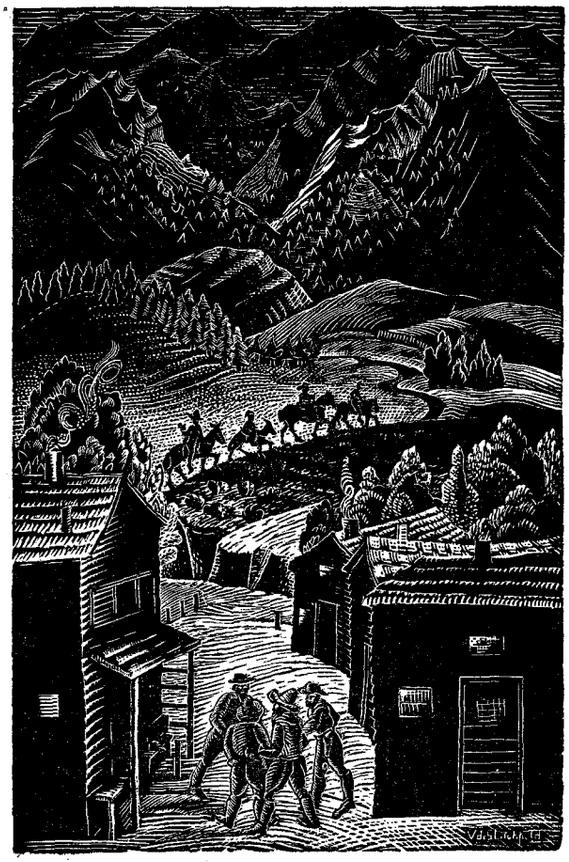

Illustration by Virginia de S. Litchfield from "Songs and Stories of California" (Powell)

war. The second has less excuse for being. The hint of indiscretion in the title is scarcely borne out by the chit-chat and mild gossip of the diaries. Only insatiable followers of the doings of the fashionable great could find much to entertain them in the volume. Some of the letters reveal amusing defects in various crowned heads. Neither Edward the Seventh nor George the Fifth nor the Kaiser is what could be called a brilliant letter-writer! The princess, always sensitive and alert, feels herself to have been a misfit in the conventional society of the German court, a madcap girl in a roomful of censorious old ladies. Nowadays her unconventionality appears as Victorian as her sentimentality; and both are not a little pathetic, as is the end of her book with its many farewells.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"NIGHT in the Hotel," by Eliot Crawshay-Williams (Horace Liveright, $2). Another writer has fallen victim to the panoramic possibilities of a hotel. This middle-class hostelry, Hôtel des Anges et d'Albion, stands above Nice, facing the impervious beauty of the Mediterranean shore. The author, playing ghostly guide, leads you into its bedrooms, opens the doors upon their secrets, and invites you to contemplate some dozen human beings at the hour and in the place where they will most surely have unmasked themselves. Introducing them, in a brief prologue, as they seem to be, he then proceeds to show you what they are. An old maid with her hidden library, two girls bound by strange ties to each other, a devoted young couple with the barriers to rage let down, a Don Juan caught at last in his own snare, a very ancient lady trying to outlive her crippled self, a grizzled fellow of fifty torn by young passion—these, and their neighbors whom they love or hate, stand there before you, stripped of the need to dissemble, grappling, all of them, with their allotted fates. At times the stream of their consciousness, strung out by the author with what is, perhaps, too obvious a technique, holds up the story's trend. Their close-tangled relationships make a pattern which is, perhaps, too easy to be wholly convincing. Each conforms to a recognizable type. Yet they have a grasp upon your fancy. They do come alive.

"AND No Birds Sing," by Pauline Leader (Vanguard Press, $2.50). From every *milieu* autobiography springs up in testimony to the cult of individual experience. Anguish, fear and desire are no longer bottled up. Rather, they are uncorked, poured out in profusion before the strangely thirsty world. You need not, now, achieve greatness, to expand your ego across the printed page. You need only strip yourself, to gather a crowd. Thus Pauline Leader, victim of incurable deafness, victim, too, of penury and ill-treatment, sets down in stark detail her efforts to live in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Miss Leader is the daughter of a Jewish immigrant who established, thanks to his grim wife, a successful butchery in a small New England town. She lost her hearing in the year when she was to enter high-school. Her parents, her sisters, the other children, even the town policeman treated her as a freak. After a period of intolerable loneliness, without privacy or dignity to mitigate it, she ran away to New York, carrying twenty dollars and a notebook of tentative poems, for equipment. Here, she hovered on the edge of starving. She fell into the clutches of social service and was, for a time, locked into a reformatory school. The story ends with her release. The book is simply written, built upon bitterness. It has the pounding, cumulative, unrelieved rhythm of all pain.

"A FAREWELL to India," by Edward Thompson (Dutton, $2.50). Mr. Robert Alden, principal of an Indian college, educational missionary, friend to both England and India, plays chief figure in this book which can hardly be called a novel. Into the mouth of the gaunt, over-eager dreamer, Mr. Thompson has put his opinions, based on a wide experience, of the Anglo-Indian problems. Bloated John Bulls boast of the economic favors distributed by their government. Jaundiced, embittered young Indians retort with a list of the cruel injustices inflicted. Meanwhile Mahatma Gandhi, "a gust blowing up from the earth, a passion enclosed (and barely enclosed) in a wizened, worn-out body," exhorts his people to nationalism without violence. Students refuse to study; murders take place in the night; unhallowed spirits haunt the jungles; any Indian who has the money can buy a pistol and fire at the white tyrant; and around the small compound where Robert Alden lives there slinks the sleek shadow of the leopard. Mr. Thompson's book has little form, scarce narrative; it draws few conclusions. He is, however, an authority on India, having served there as both teacher and soldier. Because of his intimate knowledge and more, perhaps, because of his passionate interest, he blows a flame into his haphazard mixture of ideas and feelings which kindles it to life.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

"FOLLOWING the Prairie Frontier," by Seth K. Humphrey (University of Michigan Press, $2.50). Mr. Humphrey—and his father before him also, as is shown by letters from the father about early days, here included—has a lively, crisp and humorous way of writing. Here we read of the Middle Northwest from 1855 on through its first forty years as white man's country. Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska were growing fast in this time, but there were exciting episodes—horse thieves, bandits, Indian fights, the "Messiah Craze," the rush for newly opened government land, the wiles of mortgage defaulters (the author was agent for a mortgage company and had queer and amusing experiences), and much else. The little book makes capital reading; it is cheerful, anecdotal, and original in the telling. R. D. TOWNSEND.

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Behind the Blurbs

CRASHING in airplanes is one way of making a living we wouldn't care for, even though Dick Grace, in *I Am Still Alive*[1], assures us that he is no daredevil, but a cautious flyer. His assertion is, in a sense, true, for there is nothing reckless in the preparations he makes for his crack-ups. Everything that is humanly possible is done to safeguard himself. Just the same, we'd "rather see than be one." And the story of how it is done makes exciting reading. ♣ ♣ ♣ The discussion among a group of men in an exclusive New York Club with which *Murder by Formula*[2] begins, is one of the dullest discussions we have ever read. They are talking about detective stories. And Wingdon, an author, is so excited by the discussion that when the others go he stays behind to start work right away on just such a story. And somebody murders him, and we don't blame them. But the police come, and an attempt is made on Mrs. Wingdon's life, and Mestrin, another member of the group, is murdered, and there's quite a little publicity for Henri's and the Judson and several other New York hotels and restaurants, and by and by the murderer is discovered in a cave up under Sutton Place, and somehow we don't care at all. We don't think you'll want to read this one. ♣ ♣ ♣ How an imaginary man, Harvey J. Buck, was created by six men in a club and made by publicity into a national figure, is amusingly related in *Old Glory!*[3] Charles Low, dropping an instructorship at Harvard to earn more money as a public relations counselor so that he can support Joan, is given the job of putting Mr. Buck across. The means by which this is accomplished are so sketchily indicated that the book is not nearly as funny, or as good a take-off on publicity methods, as Mr. Powel could have made it. But it is entertaining ♣ ♣ ♣ The lay brother, Dismas, was sent out into the world by his abbot and bidden to search for the Elixir of Life. Dismas was something of an adept himself in the Black Art, and his adventures, and those of his handsome young female traveling companion, in the forests of Germany, among witches, robber barons, mad charcoal burners and gipsies, are swift and exciting, though written without any particular charm of style. We could have got along without the more unsavory details, but the author of this tale, *Monk's Magic*[4], knows his incantations.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Rand McNally, $2.00.
2. By J. H. Wallis: Dutton, $2.00.
3. By Harford Powel: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
4. By Alexander de Comeau: Dutton, $2.00.

Music

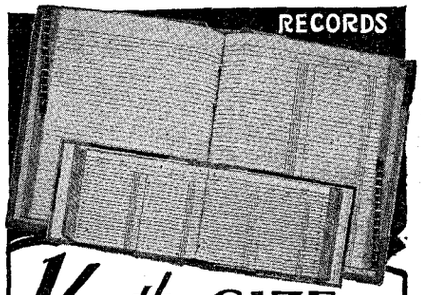
Notable New Recordings

PARLOPHONE and the Carl Lindström music house in Berlin are between them responsible for one of the most brilliant and, at the same time, useful purposes towards which the phonograph has yet been directed. They have issued *2000 Jahre Musik auf der Schallplatte (2000 Years of Music on Records)*, which forms a truly notable educational feature. There are twelve doublesided ten-inch disks giving beautifully sung and played examples of the principal types of music from the Greeks and early Hebrews, through the Gregorian chants and the troubadours, down to Rameau and Bach. Little of the very early music has ever been recorded before and it has surely never been better executed on disks. In this way one can follow clearly the development of European music, seeing how harmony came in gradually and watching the emergence of definite national styles. The set should be invaluable to all students of music. Included in the album is an excellent explanatory and critical brochure by Prof. Dr. Curt Sachs, under whose direction the whole work was achieved. This is in German but for those who are not familiar with that language I am myself at work on a translation which will be available soon in the sets purchased at the Gramophone Shop, 16 East Forth-eighth Street, New York, and at the New York Band Instrument Company, 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York. All I get out of it is a free set, but I think myself very well paid, so highly do I consider this album.

Another expensive item, but a good one for those who like that sort of thing, is Columbia's two albums which contain *The Barber of Seville*[1], by Gioacchino Rossini. It is sung in Italian by eminent Italian singers, with the chorus of La Scala Theatre of Milan and the Milan Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Lorenzo Molajoli. Stracciari plays Figaro with great zest and Mercedes Capsir is a lovely sounding Rosina. The whole thing takes up thirty-one twelve-inch sides and is of sustained excellence.

For people who can't lay out the price of the above the pick of the recent vocal records is the *Prize Song* and *Am Stillen Herd*[2] from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg* sung by Alfred Piccaver, leading tenor of the Vienna State Opera, accompanied by an orchestra under Julius Prüwer. It is a fine record in every way. O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Operatic Series—No. 8.
2. Brunswick, 90171.



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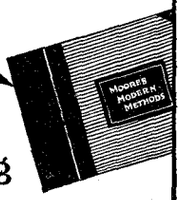

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 312 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

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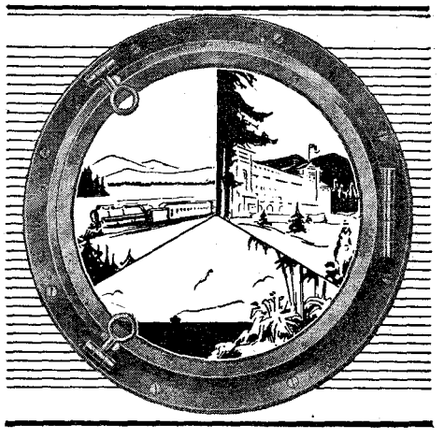
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



SWEDEN

From Lapland with its reindeer herds and their migrant Lapp owners . . . to the gentle plains of Scania adorned by old manors and castles . . . Sweden is divided into eight tourist districts connected by good transportation services. ¶ One of these is the Göta Canal running from Gothenburg across central Sweden, giving three days of intimate contact with the country and ending on the east coast at the capital, Stockholm, which is surrounded by a vast archipelago. ¶ Central provinces are Dalecarlia, renowned for quaint villages and picturesque costumes, and Varmland, a forest and lake region, source of legends, poetry and romance. ¶ Lastly, far out in the Baltic lies Gotland, once the greatest commercial port of the XI Century, now known as one of the most remarkable relics of the Middle Ages. ¶ Many direct services keep Scandinavia in close touch with the traveling public. ¶ For details of all holiday trips address Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

Prose and Worse

A CONTRIBUTION in verse, always welcome, heads the department this week—its author our old friend, Aeneas B. Hooker.

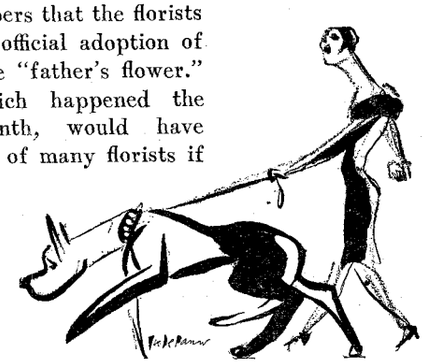
Live to remember,
Not to forget.
Lonely, we fret
In life's December
When fades the ember
Of swift desire.
Memory's fire
Only can warm you,
Soothe you and charm you.
Time's in your debt;
Age holds no threat
Joy to dismember
If you remember
Without regret.

Age holds one pleasure;
Live then, and let
Each day beget
Something to treasure
For the long leisure.
Holding the past
Thus firm and fast,
Nought may dismay you,
Hope will obey you—
Stay with you yet.
So you may let
Time take your measure
Without displeasure—
Without regret.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We see by the papers that the florists are enraged by the official adoption of the dandelion as the "father's flower." Father's Day, which happened the 21st of last month, would have brightened the lives of many florists if the orchid, for instance, had been the official choice. The choice has been made now, however, and it seems to us that the florists would do better to drop the argument and concentrate on some of the other relatives. We have as yet no Aunt's Day, no Uncle's Day, no Second Cousin on the Mother's Side Day. Let the florists launch a good strong publicity campaign for some of these, with expensive and more or less appropriate flowers for each. Let them right now decide that August 5th shall be Grandfather's Day. Let them announce it in the papers with a picture of an old man in his shirt sleeves sitting on the porch and looking into the sunset. His old gnarled hands lie useless in his lap. His smile is a little wistful (though you have to be careful about that, for while it may look all right in the drawing, when it is reproduced in the newspaper grandpa is apt to look half-witted). Then a few lines about spare a thought for grandpa, and how he's old and tired, and his teeth hurt him, and he often feels he's just a burden; and how it's very little to do on Grandfather's Day to take him a bunch of pansies (the official grandfather's flower). And then describe how his face will light up, and he won't feel that he's just a nuisance any more, and end with a verse about smoothing the end of the road or something like that. Thousands of people will feel better about picking on their grandfathers after they've yielded to a generous impulse and spent fifty cents for a bunch of pansies on August 5th. After you've done that, you can go right on picking on him for the rest of the year with a perfectly clear conscience.

But, after all, we don't see why these special days should be limited to relatives. Not every family has a grandfather, but every one has a dentist. Why not have a Dentist's Day on October 7th, and send him a flower for each molar left intact. On one day of the year at least his office could be a bower of fragrance, and the patients would have something to look at beside the *Saturday Evening Post* and last February's *Forest and Stream*. And then there's Butcher's Day, and Employer's Day and Landlord's Day. There is no end to the possibilities if the florists will only be alive to them. We would remind them of the old saying that a penny held too close to the eye will obscure the sun, and advise them to stop squabbling about trifles and look at things in a bigger way.



The picture that illustrates our column this week hasn't really anything to do with it, and we haven't the slightest idea what it represents. We don't even think it's pretty. The dog isn't a particularly nice dog, and the best thing about him is that he is leading the girl rapidly out of the picture. The girl isn't very nice either, though so decolleté that she must be a lady. About the only thing we like about it is the rhinestones on the dog's collar.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

The Clue

THERE had never been any one more unimportant than the poor body of a woman found in the moat. Its legs had been severed, its fingerprints were meaningless. No one who looked at the staring dead face could remember ever having seen it before. How old it had been no one could say; youth and age alike were indifferent to it. And the grim fortress, under whose shadow the creature had been borne by its murderer, was as careless of it as of the moss on its own old stones.

The police had a mystery on their hands. The newspapers were at first excited, and then had nothing more to say. What can be said of nothing? Who is interested in nobody? After all, if one is murdered and there is no one—brother or child, landlady or neighbor—to cry out or point a finger, why then one has existed only in one's murder. And that is not much for the police to go on. There is certainly small use in thinking, thought the police gloomily, when there is nothing to think about.

But somewhere there was another woman who couldn't seem to stop thinking about this murdered one. Here had been a woman, she thought, who had lived and died and no one cared in the least. No one who had ever seen her had even recalled her face well enough to recognize it in the bright glare of murder. Yet some one had cared enough to wish her out of the way—to destroy her completely, and, not satisfied with destruction, to mutilate and fling her away.

She thought of the usual directions of any woman's life. Love and work. Parents—husband—child—employer—fellow workers. There were none of these. Nothing that moved a woman in the direction of living. And it suddenly struck her that the police were right. This woman had existed only in her murder. Her whole life could have moved only in the direction of her own murder. And the thought that had so baffled the police, the nothingness and insignificance of a human creature, broke upon her like a wave of light. Here was the clue to the murder. Nothingness.

She tried to feel her way back slowly into the life of a woman that had moved and faded and dissolved into this nothingness. What were these feelings that were the opposite of life? Loneliness, she supposed, and despair. No interest in anything—except in those conditions, whatever they were, that had caused her murder. But what could make a women feel like that? Poverty, perhaps—no, not poverty alone. Depravity—but the depraved were known and had their acquaintances. This woman had had only one acquaintance, if the evidence of her nothingness was to be accepted; and that one had murdered her. Disease? Yes. Disease certainly could take a woman away from life, could hide her from companionship and terrify her with poverty. Illness, terror and despair—could these make a woman cling in panic to a single companionship that in the end would turn and murder her? She answered herself—lost in that other woman—painfully; and knew it could be true.

And being a newspaper woman she sat down quickly and wrote her ideas—in simple language—to the police.

"If you will have the body of this unknown woman X-rayed," she wrote, "you are likely to find evidences of some disease by which you may identify her through the records of a hospital. I urge that this be done in the name of justice."

So it came about that the poor remnant of a creature that had lain so long silent and unavenged was brought before the justice of an X-ray machine. The finished picture showed a ravaged lung. Now, asked the police triumphantly, where was the hospital record to match the picture?

At last they found it. The doctor could scarcely remember the patient, poor and insignificant, but here was her name and address. At the given house number the landlady remembered vaguely there had been such a woman, unable for a long time to pay her rent; she had forgotten what she looked like. But what else was there to do, only turn her out? Certainly, the furniture was upstairs. Certainly, they could look for fingerprints.

And yes—they learned at last—there had been a man who went about with her; the only person ever seen with her. And he had looked like—well, he was sometimes seen even now, in the neighborhood.

When the man was apprehended and had confessed to the murder, the police felt modestly elated over their victory. And why not? Give them something to go on, they agreed, and they could solve the most baffling mystery. As for the next question, why had this man murdered that woman? They would even be able to answer this in time. All they needed was to be given a problem worth thinking about.

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Discouraged Feminists

(Continued from Page 303)

over the country there are other women who, to a lesser degree perhaps than she but to a greater degree than their sisters engaged in professions and other commercial undertakings, have made a financial success in the food business and are on an economic equality with the business men in their communities.

It should be possible for these and other women gradually to gain control of the food-serving industry of the country. If they did, they might in time run not only the restaurants but the hotels of the country. The hotel business is one for which women should have a special aptitude. They are entering it in great numbers, as clerks, housekeepers, stewards. Whether many of them rise to managership remains to be seen. But if this new movement assumed any proportions, it would not be too much to hope that women would invest in hotels and with the strangle-hold of capital insist that women have authoritative policy-making positions.

In this connection I am reminded of what a very successful business man once said: "The three greatest women in this country are Alice Foote MacDougall, Elizabeth Arden and Elinor Beard." His reason for so acclaiming them was obvious. They had been successful in the man's world. There is a lesson here for women. To be accepted in this man's world women must be as successful financially as men. They must control as large a business. Only when they do will they be accepted as equals. It is strange that whereas women who inherited thrones in the past became great rulers and had an effect upon the world they lived in, few of the many women who have inherited great wealth have become queens of industry and by their activities had an effect upon the man's world of today. What a power a feminist like Ruth McCormick would exert if she used her great wealth to gain the control of a single industry.

There is another thought to be had from the success of these women. All three of them made their fortunes by developing a business that was tied to women's traditional interests. Elizabeth Arden went into a business that had its inception in the kitchens and bathrooms of women. Women were her customers and to a large extent her employees. She went into it when it was just beginning to be popular and so had little competition with already established businesses controlled by men. Today this business is largely in the hands and control of women.

Elinor Beard's business is that of marketing women's handiwork. Her customers, too, are largely women. There is no reason why women should not do for other household arts what she has done for quilting. There are many things that women want and

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of July 4, 1951

The newly appointed American Minister to the Republic of Italy arrived Monday at Naples where he presented his credentials to the Foreign Office.

During the recent hot spell eighteen landlords were arrested for violating the city ordinance of Metroburg requiring each realty owner, when the temperature reaches 80°, to refrigerate the sidewalk fronting his property.

"The good old days," exclaimed an editorial in this week's *Nature and Sport Magazine*, "when the skunk had not yet been deodorized, and when outboard motor boats and airplanes were not required to use mufflers!"

women make. Why should not an ambitious woman, instead of going into a department store where the chances are she will never rise to a vice-presidency, be she ever so able, look about her, see something that is needed in the home, or anywhere else for that matter, set women to making it and organize the business of selling it? I would not, however, limit the industries that should be controlled by women to those dealing with household needs or with women's traditional tasks. But they might serve for a beginning.

Such a division of labor would have to come about gradually, nor is it unthinkable that it should. Women have their share of ambition. They wish to

rise. Naturally the wise ones will go into those businesses in which other women have seemed able to attain success. Still others will flock after them, and as the women enter these businesses or industries in increasing numbers, men will leave them to take the places left vacant in the businesses these women have left.

Of course, there will be objections raised to my contentions. Women who have succeeded as individuals, those who have been acclaimed in the public print as "the first this" and "the first that," will insist that there is opportunity here and now for women with ability to achieve equality. Those to whom the sweets of economic independence are far more important than participation in managership will hold tight to their jobs of working for some man instead of striving towards a policy-making position. And feminists of the old school will insist that to abandon identity with men is to sacrifice equality. They will see in such a movement a retreat to women's old position, for to them the only equality is that which gives them an equal chance to work at a job, hoping that some day, somewhere, their labors will bring equal rewards.

But the young women just out of college talk differently. They are not fooled by the appearance of equality. They look at what this man's world offers them and they are not satisfied. If they start out to enter it as individuals, they find they must start much further down the line than their brothers. They observe that most of the plums still go to men. They are, in short, realizing that suffrage and woman's opportunity to work at a job as an individual have not changed the fact that this is still a man's world and there is little opportunity for them to be effective in it.

This realization comes to them with a shock, for they have been taught that women had an equal part in it. And what they see does not spell for them equality. They are thus ripe for rebellion. Never having had experience with the period when woman was denied a chance to work as an individual in competition with men, the younger woman sees the inferiority of the positions open to her rather than the right to get into them. For what one has, one always values less than what one has not. Naturally she does not know what she owes those early feminists. She takes as a matter of course what they had to fight for. She does not realize that if they had not insisted on the right of women to enter the man's world as individuals she would not now feel equal to a man. She does not realize that their fight cleared the ground of many preju-

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dices against women entering business, removed many of her disabilities. So she enters the business world aware only that the "cards are stacked" against her and she is ready to call for a new deal.

But the next decade will see these younger women reaching for real equality. It will see women taking new means to obtain it. What they will be no one can foretell. They may seek the new division of work between men and women that I have outlined, or they may seek it by other means. But seek it they will. One has only to hear them talking to know that. When water is set upon a stove and a fire is built under it, sooner or later it will boil. It does not take a prophet's mind to know that. The next decade will set this question boiling.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 309)

Armstrong's third varsity eight was designated as Harvard's jayvee crew when Lawrence's outfit pointed for the Henley regatta. Still, Cambridge counted on beating the Yale junior varsity boat. That race was the only upset at New London.

▶▶*Football Report*

THAT hardy perennial of the sport page, football overemphasis, is blooming again thanks to Bulletin 26 of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A cynic might be justified in remarking that at least half of this overemphasizing can be traced to the agencies which presumably seek precisely the opposite objective.

There is nothing like an assault on college football to get you reams of free space in the newspapers. Aside from educators and scholars, few people had ever heard of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching before it arrogated to itself the right to investigate the conduct of intercollegiate football. Bulletin 23, released in October, 1929, embodied the results of that survey. Conservatively estimated, it yielded ten million dollars' worth of free publicity. No professional press agent ever sprang such a coup. Newspapers devoted whole pages of close-set type to the report, printing it verbatim and elaborating upon it via special articles.

Can you imagine a report on some educational trend (the Foundation's legitimate field) creating one-tenth the furor that this digest on athletics did? Personally, I would call it overemphasizing the Carnegie Foundation.

The present bulletin, supplementing the first, has again yielded sport-page broadsides, eight-column streamers, and flaming headlines. Sport reporters are chided for lack of idealism in their writings—for giving too much space to the competitive angle—for trying to create a synthetic frenzy.

The fact is that skeptical sport writers exposed such evils as the proselyting and recruiting of football players by certain colleges long before the Carnegie Foundation issued its bulletin. Every essential fact in that supposedly startling report had been commented on by football editors over a span of years.

Everybody knew that prep school athletes received tempting offers from scouts connected with colleges which were bent on building up a winning football team at any cost. Sport writers, whether motivated by altruism or expediency, crusaded against this commercialism and lost few chances to satirize elevens which were obviously built up as box office attractions. These maligned reporters dared to burlesque the graduate-manager system and demonstrate that the stadium-building orgy was the product of the big-business phase of football. Far from lending themselves to the ballyhoo, leading sport critics poked fun at the highly organized college news services and consigned those publicity blurbs to the scrap basket. The Carnegie investigators have merely reaped the fruit of soil already sown by cynical football editors.

▶▶*Bulletin Twenty-Six*

BULLETIN 26 attributes part of the so-called "college football deflation" to a growing public interest in the professional game.

This is pure tosh. Professional matches don't compete at the gate with college games. The former are patronized by those who cannot buy tickets to the important intercollegiate matches. Even though the "pro's" stage Sunday games they don't get much of a turnout.

Professional games lack the neck-or-nothing, devil-may-care fervor that is the lifeblood of football. College loyalty alone can evoke this self-sacrifice for a cause. There are some things money can not buy. Disregarding such appealing by-products of intercollegiate football as pageantry and academic atmosphere, the amateur game has a zest and sparkle entirely lacking on the drab, perfunctory professional gridiron where each player is content to do only as much as his contract demands. Nobody feels like risking his neck for the Red River Packers or the Dingletown Yellow Jackets.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

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